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W. S. GILBERT AND HIS GRANDFATHER.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. IV.—MR. W. S. GILBERT.



From a Photo. by

GRÆME'S DYKE.

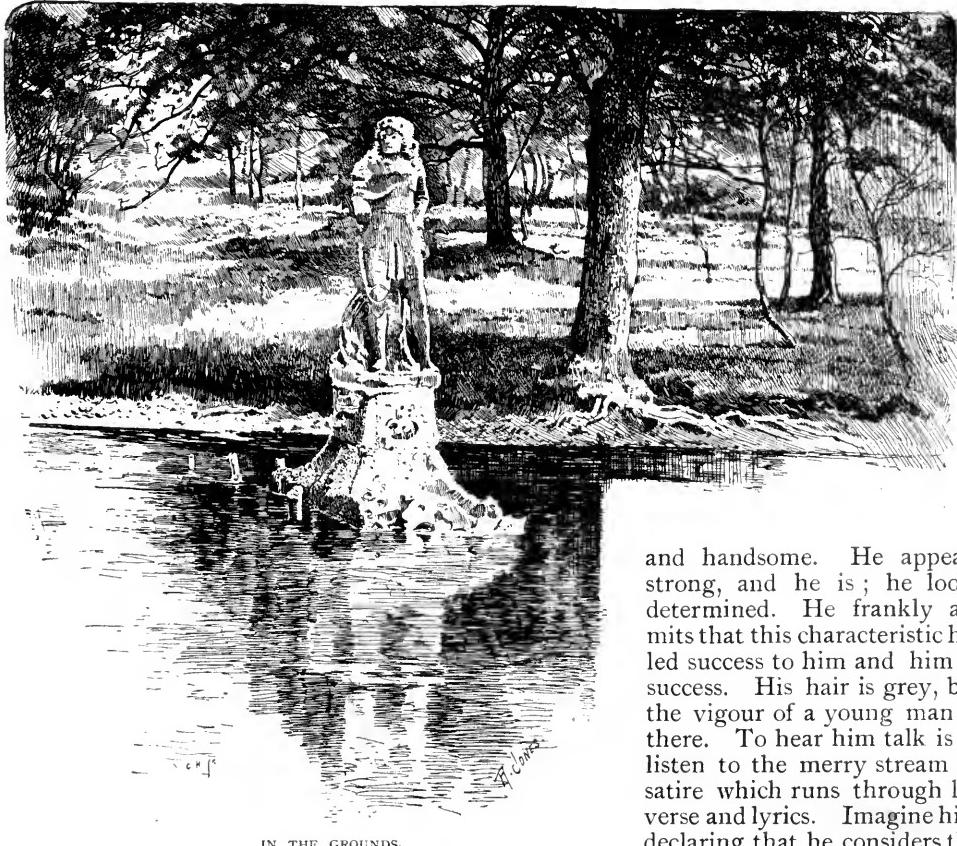
[Elliott & Fry.]



R. GILBERT lives in a little land of his own. There is nothing wanting to complete his miniature kingdom at Græme's Dyke, Harrow Weald. With a hundred and ten acres at his disposal, the most brilliant writer of irresistible satire of the day has laid down a healthy two miles of paths, which wend their way through banks of moss and ferns, avenues of chestnut trees and secluded valleys. You turn out of one pathway only to enter a diminutive forest ; again, and you are standing by the rushes and water weeds by the side of the old Dyke, which has run its course for two thousand years and more, spanned by rustic bridges ; and in one part, near the bathing house, is a statue of Charles II., which originally stood years ago in Soho-square. You may wander along a walk of roses and sweetbrier, or admire the view from the observatory, where the owner enjoys his astronomical watchings. From

another spot Windsor Castle is visible. Mr. Gilbert is a man of many minds. The verse of comic opera does not prevent him from watching the interests of his thoroughbred Jerseys—for there is a perfect home farm on the Gilbertian land. The hayricks look rich, the horses, the fowls, and the pigs seem "at home," and the pigeons—I am assured by Mr. Gilbert that he is using the utmost efforts to induce his feathered friends to adopt as their permanent address the fine and lofty house he has erected for them. The roofs of the vineries are heavy with great bunches, the peaches and nectarines are fast assuming an appearance calling for a hasty "bite"; flowers, flowers are everywhere, and the bee-hives, green little wooden dwellings, with the bees crowding in and out, are pointed out by their owner as looking very much like small country theatres doing a "tremendous booking."

The house was built for Mr. Goodall, R.A., from designs by Mr. Norman Shaw,

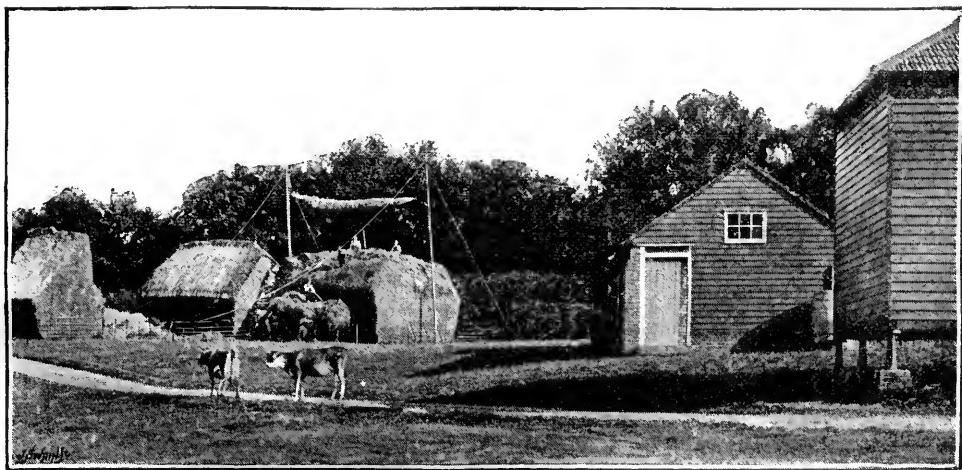


IN THE GROUNDS.

R.A., and is from every aspect architecturally very fine. Many portions of it are entirely covered with ivy—the entrance porch is surrounded by the clinging tendrils. Here I met Mr. Gilbert. He is tall, stalwart,

and handsome. He appears strong, and he is; he looks determined. He frankly admits that this characteristic has led success to him and him to success. His hair is grey, but the vigour of a young man is there. To hear him talk is to listen to the merry stream of satire which runs through his verse and lyrics. Imagine him declaring that he considers the butcher boy in the gallery the

king of the theatre—the blue-smocked youth who, by incessant whistling and repeated requests to "speak up," revels in upsetting the managerial apple cart. Then try and realise Mr. Gilbert assuring



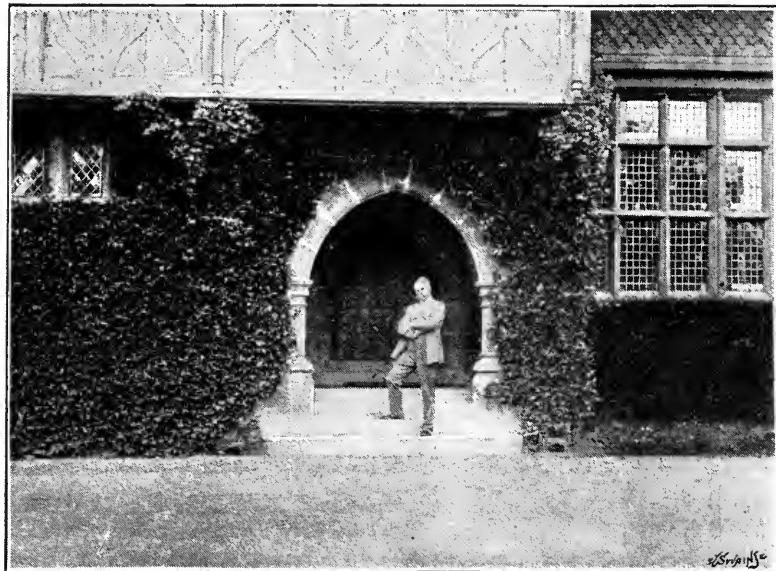
From a Photo. by]

THE FARM.

[Elliott & Fry.

one that what he writes is nothing more nor less than "rump steak and onions!"—a palatable concoction of satisfying and seasoning ingredients which is good enough to please the man of refinement in the stalls, and not too refined for the butcher boy in the gallery. "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates," "The Mikado," and the lily-loving *Bumthorne* and aesthetically inclined young maidens in

"Patience" rump steak and onions! He has not—save at rehearsals—seen one of his own plays acted for seventeen years. Report says that, on "first nights," he wanders about muffled up, with his hat over his eyes, along the Thames Embankment, casting occasional glances in the direction of the water, and mentally measuring the height of Waterloo Bridge. Nothing of the kind. He goes to his club and smokes a cigar, and looks in at the theatre about eleven to see if there is "a call"; and he is seldom disappointed in the object of his visit. He is quite content to look in at the



From a Photo. by]

AT THE PORCH.

[Elliott & Fry.

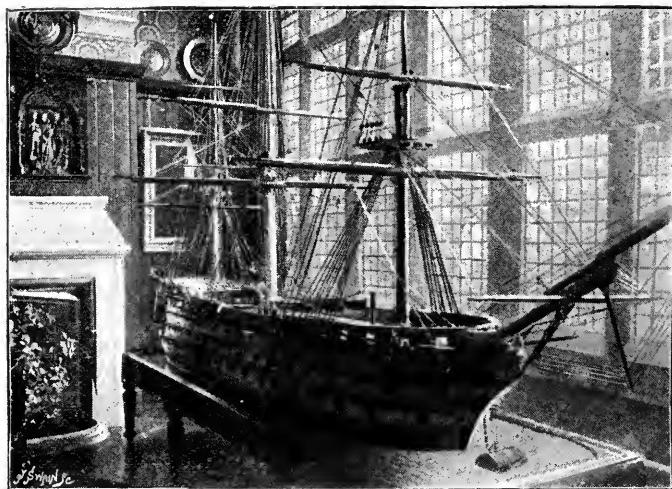
theatre and see that everything is safe for the curtain to rise, goes away, and returns at the finish. He is wise in believing that the presence of the author at such a time upsets the players, and deteriorates the action.

We are in the entrance hall. Over the mantelpiece is a fine specimen of fourteenth century alabaster. By the window is a model of a man-of-war, sixteen feet in length. It is perfect in every detail, and a portion of it was specially constructed as a model of the set of the scene in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Mr. Gilbert—who is an enthusiastic yachtsman—had the remaining forepart built when it was no longer wanted for theatrical purposes. The parrot in the corner is considered to be the finest talker in England. It can whistle a hornpipe, and, if put to the test, could probably rattle off one of its master's patter songs.

"The other parrot, who is a novice," points out Mr. Gilbert, "belongs to Dr. Playfair. He is reading up with my bird, who takes pupils."

Passing up the oaken staircase, the solidity of which is relieved by many a grand palm, a peep into



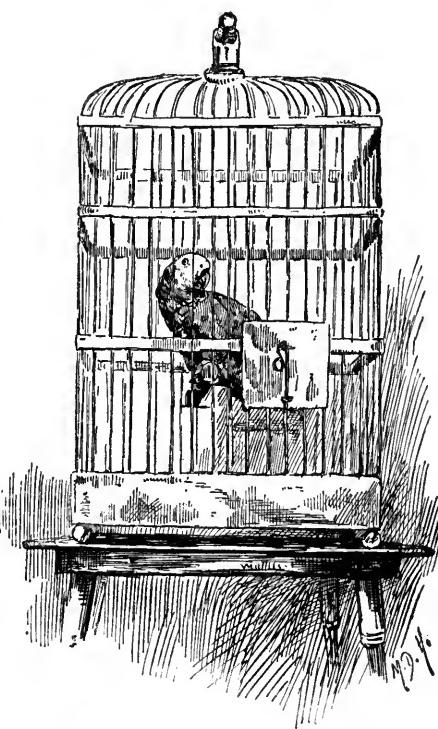
From a Photo. by]

MODEL OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE" IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

the billiard-room reveals on one side of the wall photos of all the characters which have from time to time appeared in his operas. Over a long oak bookcase is a run of photos unique of their kind, including those of J. S. Clarke, Mrs. Stirling, Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale, Herman Vezin, Henry J. Byron, and Irving and Hare, taken seventeen years ago. A little statuette of Thackeray, by Boehm, is near at hand, and here is another of the dramatist's great friend, T. W. Robertson, the writer of "Caste," "School," "Society," and other plays inseparable from his name.

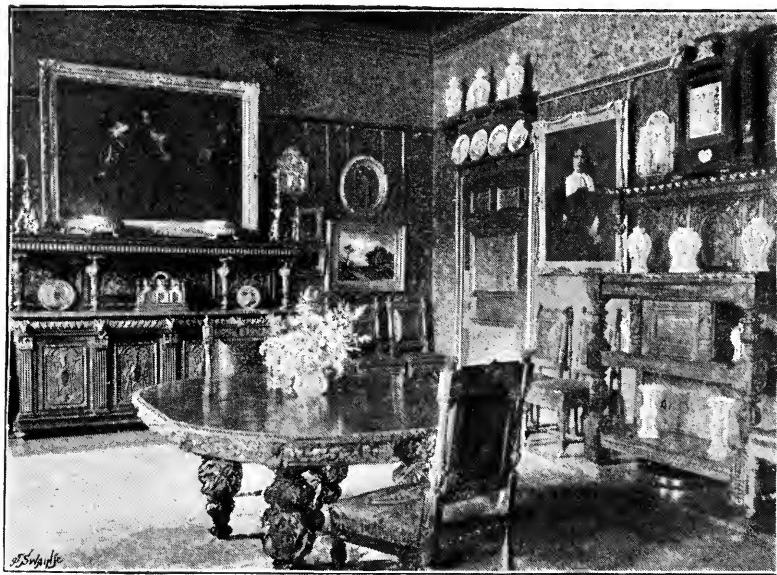
The drawing-room was Mr. Goodall's studio. It is a magnificent apartment, rich in old china,



"THE FINEST TALKER IN ENGLAND."

great vases 200 years old, antique cabinets, and treasured knick-knacks innumerable—for the present owner is a great lover of curios, and is an inveterate "hunter"—and exquisitely furnished. The fire-places are crowded with ferns and flowers. Near the corner, where Mr. Goodall was one time wont to sit and paint sunsets, is a curious old musical clock which plays twelve airs. It is 150 years old. Mr. Gilbert sets the hands going, and to a musical tick—tick—tick a regiment of cavalry pass over the bridge, boats row along the water, and ducks swim about. Frank Holl's picture of the dramatist is here, and several by Duncan, the famous water-colour painter, whose brush was





From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

only responsible for a single example in oils, possessed by Mr. Gilbert; others by Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, and Adrian Stokes. Here is, also, an early example of Tenniel. It was bought unfinished. Mr. Gilbert met the artist one day, and described it to him. He remembered it, though drawn half a century ago. Tenniel took it back, and finished his work only a few months ago. This little satinwood cabinet came from Carlton House, and there is a curious

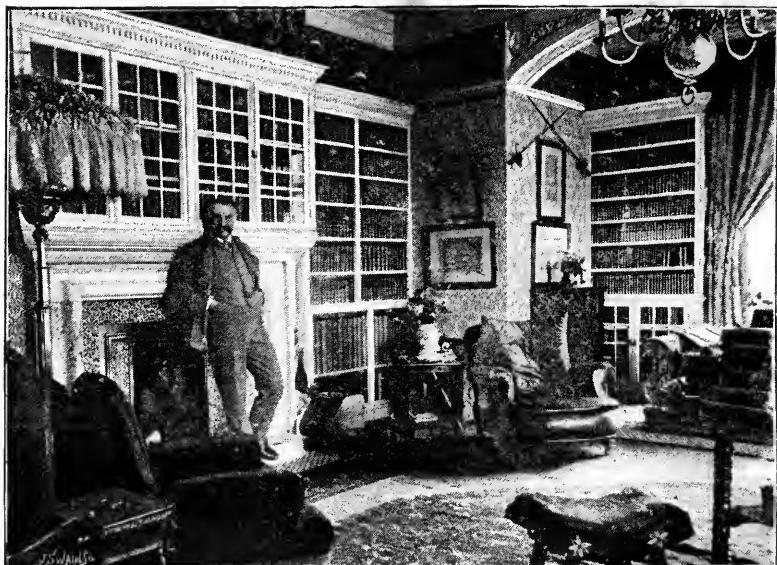
story regarding the manufacture of a fine Japanese cabinet of 200 years ago. In those days whenever a child was born to a wealthy Jap an order was given for a cabinet to be made. It took fifteen years to manufacture, so fine was the workmanship, and it was presented to the child on his fifteenth birthday.

Under a glass case are a pair of marble hands

joined together, by Boehm. They are those of Mrs. Crutchley, who danced in the recent Guards' burlesque at Chelsea, modelled when she was eight years old. Mr. Gilbert handles a fifteenth century carved ivory tankard. It is five inches in diameter, and carved out of a solid tusk. Unfortunately it is broken. When Miss Julia Neilson was making her first appearance in "Comedy

and Tragedy," a tankard was wanted. It had been overlooked at the theatre. Mr. Gilbert was present, rushed off in a cab to Kensington, where he was then living, and got back in time. Miss Neilson so entered into her part (and small blame to her) that, quite forgetting the valuable goblet she had in her hand, she brought it down with a bang on the table with this result.

The dining-room contains some fine



From a Photo. by]

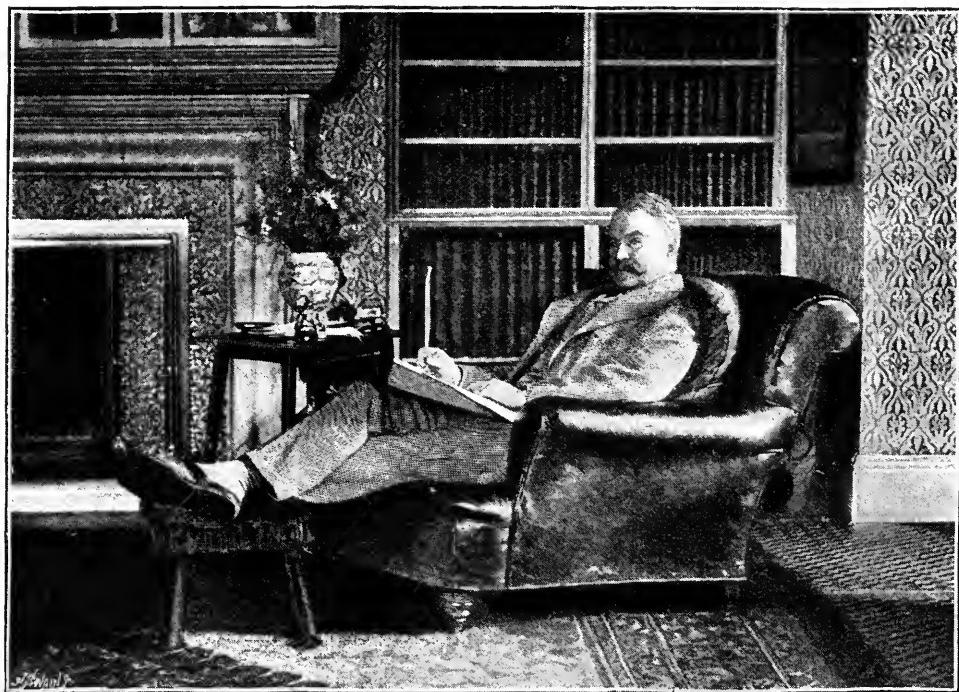
THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

work in oak. A massive Charles I. side-board, dated 1631, was made for Sir Thomas Holt, a cavalier, who murdered his own cook in a fit of passion. He was charged "that he tooke a cleever and hytt hys cooke with the same upon ye hedde, and so clave hys hedde that one syde thereof fell uppone one of hys shoulders and the other syde on ye other shoulder." It was, however, ingeniously argued that although the indictment stated that the halves of the cook's head had fallen on either shoulder, it was not charged against him that the cook had been killed, and on this technicality Sir Thomas escaped. There are some valuable oil paintings here, too—a fine example of C. Van Everdingen. The only other work of his in England is in the messroom of the Honourable Artillery Company. There are also fine works by Giorgione, Van der Kappelle, Tintoretto, Maes, and others.

The library—where we sat together talking—has one distinctive curiosity. It opens out on to the lawn, and its white

Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and others, and on top of the bookcases are arranged seventy heads, representing all sorts and conditions of character typical of India. They are made of papier-mâché, and were brought home from India by Mr. Gilbert, whither he had wandered in search of new pastures for plot and fresh ideas, so that, should he ever write an Indian opera, the company engaged would find an excellent guide to making up their faces from the figures. On the table—in the centre of the room—amongst the flowers, are portraits of some of the dramatist's *protégés*, so to speak. No man is more far-seeing than he. He can single out talent, and, having found it, he encourages the possessor. No one has been asked more frequently, "Should I go on the stage?" He calls for a sample of the applicant's abilities, pronounces judgment, and those who have heard his "don't" were as wise in refraining from seeking for fame from Thespis as those who welcomed his "go" and have acted on his advice.



From a photo, by

AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.

enamel bookcases contain close upon four thousand volumes out of a compact stock of some five thousand works scattered about the house. All round the apartment are drawings by A. Caracci, Watteau, Lancret,

Among many who made their first appearances in his pieces are Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Brandram, Miss Julia Neilson,

Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Alma Murray, and Mr. George Grossmith.

"Grossmith," said Mr. Gilbert, "applied to Sir Arthur Sullivan first. Sullivan was pleased, thought him the very man for the part of *John Wellington Wells* in 'The Sorcerer,' and so did I. You see, when making an engagement, the composer tests the applicant vocally, whilst I try him histrionically. Previous to that Grossmith had done nothing, save in the way of entertainments at young men's societies and mechanics' institutes. He didn't want to offend them—what would I advise? 'Go on the stage,' I said, 'and you'll make such a success as to render yourself quite independent of them.' I think he has.

"Then in the 'Trial by Jury'—one of my early works, which I consider one of the best, and in which the *Judge* was played by Sir Arthur Sullivan's brother Fred, now dead—the foreman of the jury was played by a gentleman who only had a couple of lines to sing. But whenever he opened his mouth the audience roared. The estimable foreman of the twelve good men and true on that occasion was Mr. W. S. Penley. Just a moment."

It is past time, and on the day of my visit he had just finished the libretto of his new comic opera. He weighs the great blue envelope in his hand, and, after the servant has left the room, flings himself into his favourite chair, and suggestively remarks, "There goes something that will either bring me in twenty thousand pounds or twenty thousand pence!" And a favourite chair with Mr. Gilbert is an article of furniture not to be despised. It is of red leather, and he has used the

same size and pattern for a quarter of a century. He takes it with him wherever he goes, for he never writes at a desk. When working he sits here with a stool exactly the same height, and stretching himself on these, he writes on a pad on his lap.

I asked him if he would write me a few original verses for publication in this article. "Thank you, very much," said he, "but I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me. When I have just finished a piece I feel for a few days that I am absolutely incapable of further effort. I always feel that I am quite

'written out.' At first this impression used to distress me seriously—however I have learnt by experience to regard it as a 'bogie,' which will yield to exorcism. This, however, is quite at your service;" and he crossed to a recess by the window, and from a heap of papers took out a sheet. It was a couple of delightful verses, left over from "The Gondoliers," written in his best style, and seen by no one till this moment. *Tessa* was to have sung them in the ear of the *Grand Inquisitor*, when he commands the two kings of

Barataria—one of whom the fair *Tessa* loves—to leave their lovers and rule their kingdoms. The following are the verses, the second being given in fac-simile :—

I.

"Good sir, I wish to speak politely—
Forgive me if my words are crude—
I find it hard to put it rightly
Without appearing to be rude.
I mean to say, you're old and wrinkled—
It's rather blunt, but it's the truth—
With wintry snow your hair is sprinkled :
What can you know of Love and Youth?
Indeed I wish to speak politely ;
But, pray forgive me, truth is truth :
You're old and—pardon me—unsightly,
What can you know of Love and Youth !



"MY FIRST FEE."

II.

You are too aged to remember
 That withered bosom's secret glow;
 Dead is the old romantic Ember
 That warmed your life-blood years ago.
 If from our sweethearts we are parted
 (Old men know nothing of such pain)
 Two maidens will be broken-hearted
 And poor heart-broken lovers twain!
 Now pray, for goodness' sake, remember
 We no desire to be uncouth;
 But we are fine & you're December;
 What can you know of love & youth!

FAC-SIMILE OF MS. OF TESSA'S SONG.

"My life? Date of birth, November 18, 1836. Birthplace, 17, Southampton-street, Strand, in the house of my grandfather, who had known Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds, and who was the last man in London, I believe, who wore Hessian boots and a pigtail. I went to school at Ealing, presided over by Dr. Nicholas—a pedagogue who appears more than once in Thackeray's pages as 'Dr. Tickle-us of Great Ealing School.' I was always writing plays for home performance, and at eighteen wrote a burlesque in eighteen scenes. This was offered to every manager in London, and unanimously rejected. I couldn't understand why at the time—I do now. I was intended for the Royal Artillery, and read up during the Crimean War. Of course, it came to an end just as I was prepared to go up for examination. No more officers were required, and further examinations were indefinitely postponed until I was over age. I was offered a line commission, but declined; but eventually, in 1868, I was appointed Captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia), a post I held for sixteen years. I was clerk in the Privy Council for five miserable years, took my B.A. degree at the London University, and was called to the bar of the Inner

Temple in 1863. I was at the bar four years, and am now very deservedly raised to the Bench—but only as a Justice of the Peace.

"I was not fortunate in my clients. I well remember my first brief, which was purely honorary. I am a tolerably good French scholar, and was employed to interpret and translate the conversations and letters between attorney, leading counsel, and client—a Parisian. It was at Westminster. The Frenchman, who was a short, stout man, won his case, and he looked upon me as having done it all. He met me in the hall, and, rushing up to me, threw his arms round my neck and kissed me on both cheeks. That was my first fee.

"On another occasion I defended an old lady who was accused of picking pockets. On the conclusion of my impassioned speech for the defence, she took off a heavy boot and threw it at my head. That was my second fee. By the way, I subsequently introduced the incident into an article, 'My Maiden Brief,' which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

"I joined the Northern Circuit, and attended assizes and sessions at Liverpool and Manchester. Perhaps a dozen guinea



"MY MAIDEN SPEECH."

briefs, but nothing substantial. The circumstances attending my initial brief on circuit I am not likely to forget. I was to make my maiden speech in the prosecution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a coat. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and the members of the Prince of Wales's company, then on tour, were present on the Bench, and I am sorry to say, at my invitation. No sooner had I got up than the old dame, who seemed to realise that I was against her, began shouting, 'Ah, ye devil, sit down. Don't listen to him, yer honour! He's known in all the slums of Liverpool. Sit down, ye spaldeen. He's as drunk as a lord, yer honner—begging your lordship's pardon.' Whenever I attempted to resume my speech, I was flooded by the torrent of the old lady's eloquence, and I had at last to throw myself on the protection of the Recorder, who was too convulsed with laughter to interfere. Mrs. Bancroft says in her memoirs that I never got that maiden speech off, but in that she is mistaken. The old lady had three months.

"My first lines appeared in *Fun*.—Henry J. Byron was the editor then. He asked me to send him a column of stuff with a half-page block every week. Well, I did not think it possible to get fresh ideas week by week; but I accepted it, and continued writing and illustrating for six years, though at the end of every seven days I always felt written out for life, just as I do now. My first play was '*Dulcamara*', produced at the St. James's Theatre by Miss Herbert. Tom Robertson and I were great chums, and he, being unable to write her

the Christmas piece, was good enough to say he knew the very man for it and recommended me. I wrote it in ten days, rehearsed it a week; it ran five months, and has been twice revived. No arrangement was made about the price to be paid, and after it had been produced Mr. Emden, Miss Herbert's acting manager, asked me how much I expected to receive for the piece. I reckoned it out as ten days' work at three guineas a

day, and replied, 'Thirty guineas.'

"'Oh!' said Emden, 'we don't deal in guineas—say pounds.'

"I was quite satisfied with the price, took his cheque and gave a receipt. Then Emden quietly turned to me and said—

"'Take my advice as an old stager. Never sell as good a piece as this for £30 again.'

"I took his advice; I never have.

"Then I commenced to write for the Royalty and Old Queen's Theatres. '*La Vivandière*' was one of these; and at various times '*An Old Score*', '*Ages Ago*', '*Randall's Thumb*', and '*Creatures of Impulse*' appeared. These were followed by '*The Palace of Truth*' and '*The Wicked World*'. '*Pygmalion and Galatea*', which took me six months to write, was produced in 1871. '*Sweethearts*' came out in 1874, and '*Broken Hearts*' two years later. I consider the two best plays I ever wrote were '*Broken Hearts*' and a version of the Faust legend called '*Gretchen*'. I took immense pains over my '*Gretchen*', but it only ran a fortnight. I wrote it to please myself, and not the public. It seems to be the fate of a good piece to run a couple of weeks, and a bad one a couple of years—at least, it is so with me. Here is an instance of it:—

"'*The Vagabond*' was produced at the Olympic, with Henry Neville and Miss Marion Terry in the cast. I was behind during the first act, and everything went swimmingly—author, actors, and audience delighted. I remained during half of the second act, when Charles Reade put his hand

on my shoulder, and exclaimed, 'Gilbert, its success is certain.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'there's the third act to come!' 'The third act?' said Reade, who had been present at my rehearsals. 'The third act's worthy of Congreve!' That was enough for me. Off I went to my club, and returned to the theatre at eleven; as I passed through the stage-door, I heard one of the carpenters say to the hall-keeper, as he passed, "Bloomin' failure, Bill." He was quite right. The whole of the third act had been performed in dumb show! That was fourteen years ago; and yet, strange to say, only the other day I received a letter from young Mr. Wallack in New York, saying he had found the manuscript of a play called 'The Vagabond,' and, feeling sure that it would be extraordinarily successful, if produced, wanted to know what was my price for the piece. He knew nothing of its melancholy history.

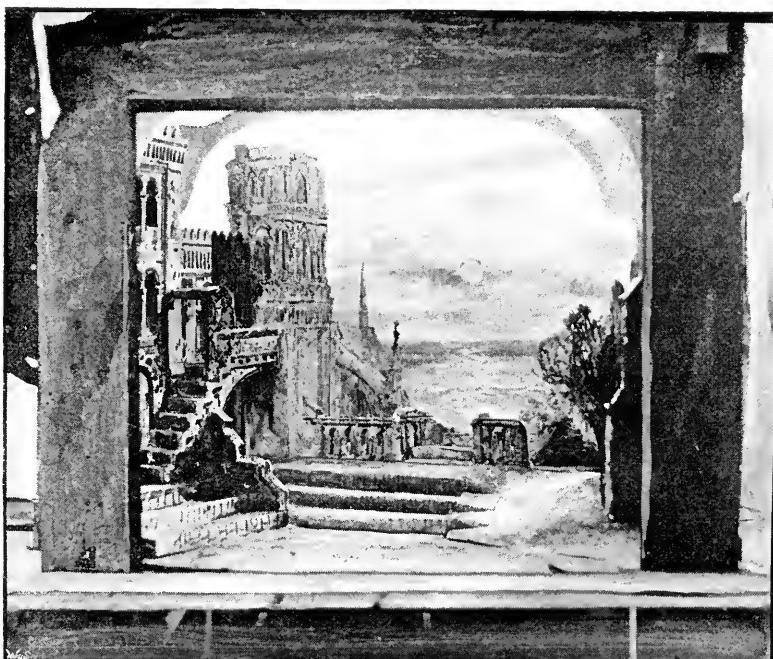
"My operatic work has been singularly successful—owing largely, of course, to the invaluable co-operation of Sir Arthur Sullivan. When Sullivan and I first determined to work together, the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never allow

a man to appear as a woman or vice versa.

"My first meeting with Sullivan was rather amusing. I had written a piece with Fred Clay, called 'Ages Ago,' and was rehearsing it at the Old Gallery of Illustration. At the same time I was busy on my 'Palace of Truth,' in which there is a character, one *Zoram*, who is a musical impostor. Now, I am as unmusical as any man in England. I am quite incapable of whistling an air in tune, although I have a singularly good ear for rhythm. I was bound to make *Zoram* express his musical ideas in technical language, so I took up my 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and, turning to the word 'Harmony,' selected a suitable sentence and turned it into sounding blank verse. Curious to know whether this would pass muster with a musician, I said to Sullivan (who happened to be present at rehearsal, and to whom I had just been introduced), 'I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Clay and myself. My contention is that when a musician who is master of many instruments has a musical theme to express, he can express it as perfectly upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury (in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever) as

upon the more elaborate disdiapason (with the familiar four tetrachords and the redundant note) which (I need not remind you) embraces in its simple consonance all the single, double, and inverted chords.'

"He reflected for a moment, and asked me to oblige him by repeating my question. I did so, and he replied that it was a very nice point, and he would like to think it over before giving a definite reply. That



From a Photo, by]

MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—I.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by

MODEL STAGE OF MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.—II.

[Elliott & Fry.

took place about twenty years ago, and I believe he is still engaged in hammering it out."

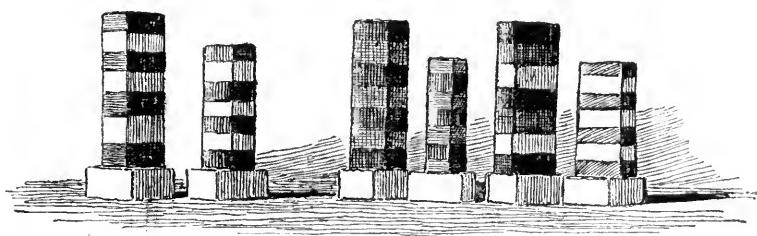
Not the least interesting part of my day with Mr. Gilbert was in having his methods of working explained. Mr. Gilbert's tact and unequalled skill as a stage manager are well known, but he explained to me a decidedly novel secret which undoubtedly greatly assists him in his perfect arrangements of *mise-en-scène*. He has an exact model of the stage made to half-inch scale, showing every entrance and exit, exactly as the scene will appear at the theatre. Those shown in the illustrations represent the two sets which will be seen at the Lyric Theatre when his new opera is produced. Little blocks of wood are made representing men and women—the men are three inches high, and the women two and a half inches. These blocks are painted

and chorister his proper place in the scene under consideration.

His subjects are often the outcome of pure accident. "The Mikado" was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in his library—the identical sword which Mr. Grossmith used to carry on the stage as *Ko-Ko*. "The Yeomen of the Guard" was suggested by the beefeater who serves as an advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company at Uxbridge Railway Station.

A rather curious and certainly unique fact in dramatic authorship, and one that is without precedent in the annals of the stage, is that Mr. Gilbert's name has appeared in the London play bills without a single break for nearly twenty-four years. On July 1 the spell was broken by the termination of his connection with the Savoy.

HARRY HOW.



"CHARACTERS."

in various colours to show the different voices. The green and white striped blocks may be "tenors"; the black and yellow "sopranos"; the red and green, "contraltos"; and so on. With this before him, and a sheet of paper, Mr. Gilbert works out every single position of his characters, giving them their proper places on the model stage, and he is thus enabled to go down to rehearsal prepared to indicate to every principal

The P. L. M. Express.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JACQUES NORMAND.

HERE was a general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we heard of the approaching marriage of Valentin Sincère. What ! he ?—the hardened celibate ! the Parisian sceptic, rebelling against all matrimonial ideas !—the joyous free-liver who had a hundred times swore that he would never have anything to do with it ! Valentin, after all, was going to join the great brotherhood ! And, of all women, whom was he going to marry ?—a widow ! We were bewildered.

So, the first time I met him, I button-holed him, and demanded explanations.

"I've hardly time to speak to you—a heap of things to do. I have just come from the Mairie, and am on my way to Stern's, the engraver in the Passage du Panoramas, to get some invitation letters. If you'll go with me—"

"If I'll go with you !" I said.

We were in front of the Madeleine. We passed down the boulevards, arm in arm.

"The story's a very simple one," he said. "Commonplace to the last degree ; but, since you want so much to know about it, here it is :—

"In the month of February last I was going to Nice for the Carnival fêtes. I have the greatest aversion to travelling by night, and I therefore took the 8.55 morning train, due at midnight at Marseilles, where I proposed spending the following day with

my friends, the Rombauds, who expected me to breakfast. The next morning I was going on to Nice, where I was to arrive at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"At the station there was an excited crowd ; but, thanks to the proverbial obligingness of M. Regnoul, the station-master, I was able to secure a place in the only *coupé* in the train. The only other occupant was a gentleman with a red rosette in a button-hole of his overcoat—a gentleman of severe aspect, and with an administrative air, whose luggage consisted solely of a portfolio. Assuredly he was not going far with *that* outfit, and presently I should be alone. Alone ! the only thing to make a railway journey supportable !

"All the passengers were in their places, and the train was about starting, when the sound of a dispute arose at the door.

"'No, Monsieur, no !' said the voice of a woman, fresh in tone, and with an almost imperceptible Southern accent. 'I ordered a sleeping - compartment, and a

sleeping-compartment I must have.'

"'But, Madame, I have told you, we haven't one !'

"'You ought to have carried out the instructions in my letter.'

"'We have not received any letter, Madame !'

"'Have another carriage put on, then.'

"'Impossible !—we have already the regu-



"WE PASSED DOWN THE BOULEVARDS."

lation number. Come, come, make haste ; the train is about to start.'

"Well, I must have a place found for me.'

"I have offered you two, Madame, in the *coupé*."

"There ?"

"Yes, Madame—there !"

"A little dark-haired woman appeared in the doorway, and instantly started back, as if in alarm.

"There are two gentlemen in it !"

"Good heavens, Madame ! I can't give you a whole carriage to yourself !"

"Very well, then ; I will not go !"

"As you please. The train is off—I am going to give the signal."

"Stay, Monsieur ; stay. I *must* absolutely go ; and since there is only this *coupé*—but you'll let me have a sleeping-compartment at the first station we come to ?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You'll telegraph for it ?"

"Yes, yes, Madame."

"You promise me ?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You are sure ?"

"Yes, yes, yes, Madame !"

The door was thrown open wide, and the little brown-haired lady, surrounded by half a carriage-load of parcels and wraps,

arranged her parcels around her with the ordinary haste of persons who have long hours to pass in a railway-carriage.

"She had one bag, two bags, three bags, and—as to wraps—"

"Out of the corner of my eyes I watched these little proceedings, and I observed with pleasure that she was a charming little personage. I say with pleasure ; for, in truth, it is always more agreeable to have a pretty woman for a travelling companion than an ugly one.

"It was very cold. The country, covered with snow, and lit up by a very pale-faced sun, flew rapidly by on either side of the carriage. The little lady, muffled up to her chin in rugs and other wraps, turned her gaze obstinately out of the farther window ; the administrative gentleman put his papers, yellow, green, and blue, with printed headings, in order, and read them attentively ; as to myself, comfortably installed in a corner with my feet on the foot-warmer, I waded through the file of newspapers I had bought at the station to pass the time.

"11.21 ; Laroche. The train stopped. The administrative gentleman gathered up his papers, rose, bowed, and descended from the carriage. His feet had hardly touched



"SHE ARRANGED HER PARCELS."

entered the *coupé* ; a shrill whistle, and—we were off.

Gallantly the administrative gentleman seated himself by my side, so as to leave the opposite seat entirely at the service of the new arrival.

Without even turning her eyes towards us, flustered and red with anger, she

the platform before he was received by the station-master, who called him 'Mr. Inspector.' The lady leaned out of the door :—

"Mr. Station-master !"

"Madame ?"

"They were to telegraph to you from Paris for a sleeping-carriage."

"They have done so, Madame, and I have sent on the message."

"Sent it on! Am I not to have a sleeping-carriage at once, then?"

"Impossible, Madame; we have no carriages here. They can only furnish you with one at Lyons."

"At Lyons! At what o'clock?"

"At 5.45, Madame."

"At the end of the journey! But, Monsieur, I can't remain in this *coupé* until that time! Impossible! I *won't!*"

"Take care, Madame, the train is starting!"

"It started."

"She threw herself into her corner again, in a furious pet, without casting a glance at me. I plunged once more into the contents of my newspapers—into the contents of the tenth, that is to say.

"Shall I confess it! That paper took me longer to read than its nine predecessors. Twenty times I began the same line; I believe that at least for some time the paper was upside down. Hang it, one can't be shut up for a long journey with a pretty woman without feeling *some* sort of emotion!"

"I greatly wanted to enter into conversation with her, but what pretext for doing it could I find? The classic resources of putting up or down the windows, in such a state of the temperature, were non-available. What was there to do?—launch a commonplace remark of some kind? Better a hundred times keep silent than do that. My companion, I had seen at a glance with my Parisian eyes, was a woman of the best society. To speak to her brusquely, without being known to her, would have made me appear in her eyes no better than a vulgar commercial traveller. The only way of drawing her into conversation would be to find something strikingly original to say to her; but what?—what? I sought laboriously, but did not find.

"I was still continuing that search, when the train stopped suddenly, thanks to the powers of the new break—so good against accidents, but so bad for passengers.

"Tonnerre! — twenty-five minutes' stoppage!" cried a porter, opening the carriage-door.

"My companion rose, threw off her rugs which, with her

three bags, she left in the carriage, and descended on to the platform. It was noon. Hunger had begun to make itself felt. She moved towards the buffet on the left, across the line.

"I followed her. I was then enabled to admire at my ease the elegance of her figure, well set off by a long fur mantle. I remarked also that she had a pretty neck, a grey felt hat, and very tiny feet.

"At the entrance to the buffet stood the manager. Wearing a velvet cap and bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon III., he pointed out with his hand and with a napkin a long table to be taken by assault.

"I entered with a crowd of travellers—ruffled, hurried; in short, that stream of persons essentially grotesque and derogatory to human beauty, of an express train, bent all on devouring food of some sort.

"I seated myself and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes set before me: my lady traveller took some soup at a separate table.

"I was amongst the first to rise, and went out upon the platform to smoke a cigarette. The twenty-five minutes—reduced to twenty according to rule—were quickly spent. The passengers came in groups from the refectory and returned to their places in the carriages. I rein-



"SHE TOOK SOME SOUP AT A SEPARATE TABLE."

stalled myself in mine. My fellow traveller did not appear.

"I perceived her at the little bookstall on the opposite side of the line, looking over the volumes displayed. Although I could see nothing of her but her back, I easily recognised her by her pretty figure, her otter-skin mantle, and her grey hat. Her hair seemed to be a little less dark than I had imagined it to be; but that was the effect of distance, no doubt.

"All the passengers had resumed their seats, and the porters were banging to the doors.

"'She'll be left behind!' I thought. 'She's mad!' 'Madame! Madame!' I called to her out of the window.

"She was too far off, and did not hear me.

"The whistle sounded; the train was going to start. What was to be done? Prompt as a flash of lightning, an idea shot through my brain. She would be left there in the horrible cold without her luggage! Let her, poor woman, at least have her smaller belongings.

"I gathered up, in an armful, her three bags and her rugs, and threw the whole to a man in the uniform of the railway, who was on the line near the carriage.

"'For that lady over there,' I cried.

"The man in the uniform carried the articles in the direction of the lady at the bookstall. At the same moment the carriage door on the opposite side—the side next the platform—was opened, and my travelling companion, grumbled at by a station porter, hurried into the carriage, and the train started. Horror! I had mistaken the traveller. The lady at the bookstall was not the right one; the same mantle, same hat, same figure—but not she! It is per-

fectly absurd, how much women resemble one another—the back view of them. I had made a pretty mess of it!

"She had hardly entered the carriage before she uttered a shriek.

"'My parcels! Somebody has stolen my parcels!'

"And, for the first time, she turned her eyes on me, with a look—good heavens!—with a look never to be forgotten.

"'No, Madame,' I stammered, 'your parcels have not been stolen; they—they have been left behind at Tonnerre.'

"'At Tonnerre! How?'

"I explained all to her. By Jove! my dear fellow, I can't describe the second look she darted at me; but, I assure you; I firmly believe I shall remember it even longer than the first.

"'I am distressed, Madame,' I further stammered, 'distressed exceedingly; but the motive was a good one: I thought that you were going to miss the train—that you would be cold—and—and I did not wish that you should be cold; in short—forgive me, and do not be uneasy in regard to your property, which is in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you can telegraph—we will telegraph—and your things will be immediately sent on. Ah!—you shall have them, I

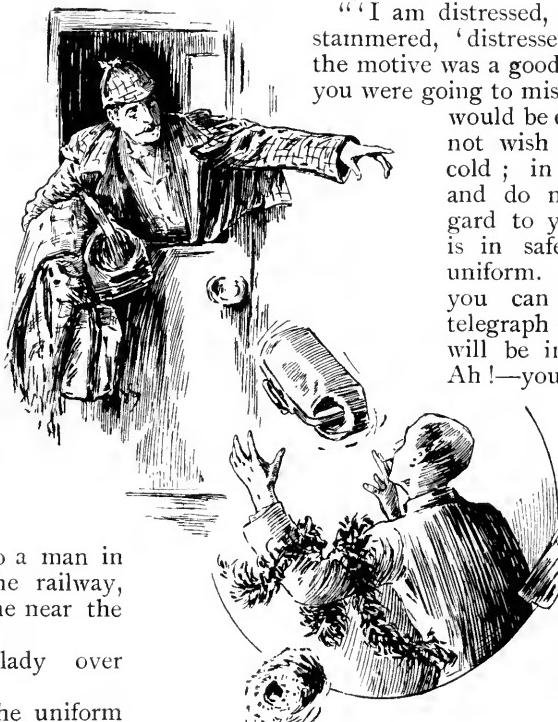
vow, even though I have myself to go back to Tonnerre to fetch them.'

"'Enough, Monsieur! I know what I have to do.'

"Stormily she rearranged herself in her corner, tugging pettishly at her gloves.

"But, alas, poor little thing! she had counted without the cold—she no longer had her warm rugs and wraps about her. At the end of ten minutes she began to shiver. It was in vain that she tried to huddle herself up, to draw her otter-skin mantle closer to her form: she positively shivered with the cold.

"'Madame,' I said, 'I beg of you, on my



"I THREW THE WHOLE TO A MAN."

knees, to accept my rug. You will catch cold—and it will be my fault—and I should never, to the end of my days, forgive myself !'

"I did not speak to you, Monsieur," she said, sharply.

"I was nervous—excited. In the first place, she was charming; in the next place, I was furiously annoyed with myself for the stupid blunder I had made: in short, I found myself in one of those predicaments that call for the taking of strong resolutions.

"Madame," I said, "accept this rug, or I swear to you I will throw myself out on to the line!"

"And flinging the rug between her and



"YOU ARE MAD, MONSIEUR."

me, I opened the window and seized the outer handle of the door-lock.

"Was I determined?—between ourselves, not altogether, I think; but it appeared that I had the air of being so, for she instantly cried out:

"'You are mad, Monsieur, you are mad!'

"'The rug—or I throw myself out!'

"She took the covering, and in a softened tone, said:

"'But you, Monsieur—you will catch your death of cold.'

"'Do not be uneasy on my account, Madame, I am not in the least chilly—and, even if I should feel cold, it will only be a

just punishment for my unpardonable stupidity.'

"'Say your over-hastiness; for, as you have said, your motive was a good one. But how came you to mistake another lady for me?'

"'Because she appeared to me charming!'

"She smiled. The ice was broken—the ice of conversation, that is to say; for, in other respects, I was shivering with cold.

"But how quickly I forgot the cold, the journey—everything! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable! She possessed a cultivated mind, keen, gay, original! She loved travel, like myself. In literature, in music, in everything in fact, we had the same tastes! And then—only imagine!—we found we had a heap of acquaintances in common; she was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savenois, above all with the Montbazons! Only to think that I had perhaps met her twenty times in their drawing-rooms without having noticed her! Good heavens! where had my eyes been?

"She spoke simply, amiably, with the frankness I so much love. A slight, very slight, provincial accent, almost imperceptible, a chirp rather, giving to her pronunciation something of the singing of a bird. It was intoxicating!

"But though I would have given all the world not to appear cold—great heavens, how cold I was!

"At Dijon (2.20) my right foot was half frozen. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the articles left behind.

"At Mâcon (4.30) it was the turn of my left foot. We received a message from Tonnerre, saying that the luggage would arrive in Marseilles next day.

"At Lyon-Perranche (5.48) my left hand became insensible; she forgot to demand her sleeping-carriage.

"At Valence (8.3) my right hand followed the example of the left; I learned that she was a widow and childless.

"At Avignon (9.59) my nose became violet; I fancied she had never wholly loved her first husband.

"At Marseilles (12.5 a.m.) I sneezed three times violently; she handed me back my rug, and said graciously: 'Au revoir!'

"'Au revoir!' Oh, I was mad with delight.

"I spent the night at the Hôtel de Noailles—an agitated night, filled with remembrance of her. The next morning, when I awoke, I had the most shocking cold in the head imaginable.

"Could I, in such a state, present myself to my friends, the Rombauds? There was no help for it; it was one of the accidents of travel; they must take me as I was, and to-morrow I would go and seek my cure in the sun of Nice.

"Oh, my friend, what a surprise! That good fellow Rombaud had invited a few friends in my honour, and among them was my charming fellow-traveller! my charmer!

"When I was presented to her, a smile passed over her lips; I bowed, and asked in a whisper:

"'Tonnerre—your parcels?'

"'I have them,' she replied in the same tone.

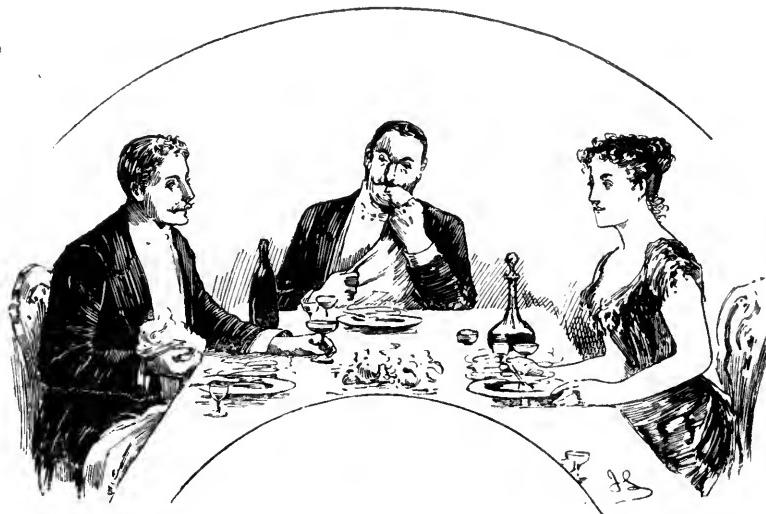
"We sat down to table.

"'What a cold in the head you have got, my dear fellow!' cried Rombaud, sympathetically; 'where the deuce did you pick it up—in the railway-carriage, perhaps?'

"'Very possibly,' I said, 'but I don't regret it!'

"Nobody comprehended the sense of this veiled reply; but I felt the tender glance of my fellow-traveller reach me through the odorous steam of a superb tureen of soup majestically posed upon the table.

"What more have I to tell you? Next day I set off for Nice; a fortnight hence I am to be married."



The Charge of the Light Brigade.

BY PRIVATE JAMES LAMB, LATE 13TH HUSSARS (ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED).



PRIVATE JAMES LAMB.



HE twenty-fifth of the present month is the anniversary of the Charge of the Light Brigade—an event never to be mentioned by Englishmen without a thrill of pride.

We have thought that, at such a time, an account of the famous exploit, told in the words of one who actually took part in it, would be of interest to our readers. The following is a description of the famous charge, by Private James Lamb, who only just missed winning the Victoria Cross on that eventful day.

On October 25, 1854, I was a trooper in the 13th Light Dragoons (now the 13th Hussars), and was in the foremost squadron that led the attack on the Russian guns on that never-to-be-forgotten morning. I was riding close to Captain Nolan when he was mortally wounded by one of the first shots from the enemy's

guns. The gallant captain stuck to his saddle, and his horse galloped shoulder to shoulder with us down the valley. The next discharge from the Russian cannon tore wide gaps through our ranks, and many a trooper fell to rise no more. Owing to the dense smoke from the enemy's guns, I lost sight of Captain Nolan, and did not afterwards see him alive.

We still kept on down the valley at a gallop, and a cross-fire from a Russian battery on our right opened a deadly fusilade upon us with canister and grape, causing great havoc amongst our horses and men, and mowing them down in heaps.

I myself was struck down and rendered insensible. When I recovered consciousness, the smoke was so thick that I was not able to see where I was, nor had I the faintest idea what had become of the Brigade. When at last I made out my position, I found I was among numbers of dead and wounded comrades. The scene I

shall never forget. Scores of troopers and their horses were lying dead and dying all around me, and many men severely wounded and unable to extricate themselves from their dead horses. Luckily for me, my horse was shot through the head, and, falling forward, pitched me clear. My own wound was not a very severe one, and I soon recovered sufficiently to endeavour to return to the British lines.

Just as I made a start, I looked around and spied two companies of Russian Rifles doubling out from the right rear of the position where their guns were stationed, and, as they dropped on one knee to fire a volley up the valley, I laid down close to my dead horse, having its body between me and the firers. I was not a moment too soon, as I had scarcely sheltered myself before the bullets came whizzing around me, and literally riddled the dead body of my horse and its saddle. After the volley

they were a body of Cossacks coming down to cut off our retreat; but I quickly discovered that I was mistaken, and that the horsemen were two squadrons of French Dragoons charging down to silence a masked Russian battery that was firing on our left flank, whose guns were covered by a regiment of Polish Lancers. This battery gave the gallant Frenchmen a warm reception by means of canister and grape, by which a number of saddles were emptied. But riding swiftly on, despite their losses, they charged right up into, and cut their way through, the Polish regiment, and wheeling round to their right flank, rode off and made good their retreat.

In the *mélée* I saw a chance of capturing one of the stray horses of the French dragoon regiment whose rider had been killed, but before I could effect my purpose the animal bolted, and I was obliged to get along on foot.



"AFTER THE VOLLEY I VENTURED TO LOOK OVER MY DEAD HORSE."

I ventured to look over my dead horse, thinking to see the enemy reloading to fire again; but, to my surprise, I saw them mustering together quickly, and running to the rear of their guns. On turning round I saw a body of horsemen charging down the valley on my right front, and thought

During the short time in which the French Dragoons and Polish Lancers were fighting, I managed to get some distance up the valley towards our lines, and when near No. 3 Redoubt I saw two men supporting a wounded officer of the 17th Lancers. One of the men was a trooper

belonging to my own regiment, and the other was one of the 17th Lancers. The officer was faint and exhausted from loss of blood, and was feebly asking for water. Neither of the men who were helping him had their water-bottles with them, and mine had been shot through in the cross-fire when the Russians first opened fire upon us at the commencement of our deadly ride. I saw no chance of getting water other than by searching among the dead bodies on the battlefield. I accordingly retraced my steps, and was soon fortunate enough to find a calabash, half full of water, strapped to a dead trooper's saddle. I snatched up this calabash, and, as I made my way back, pulled out the stopper and had a good drink, as I was frightfully parched myself. I had to get along as sharply as I could, for the enemy were again on the move; but I succeeded in reaching the wounded officer without any

As we were moving painfully along I saw a trooper of another regiment, who had been severely wounded, and another endeavouring to get him off the field, but they were getting along very slowly. I went to their assistance, leaving the two men with the wounded officer, whom they eventually succeeded in carrying safely from under fire. I afterwards heard that this officer died the next morning, after having had one of his legs amputated. My comrade and myself managed to get the wounded trooper safely into our lines. I then went in search of my regiment, and at last found what was left of it—only about half remained. We went into action that morning 112 strong and came out with only 61. Of horses we lost 84, and had besides several wounded, some of which eventually recovered, while others had to be destroyed. As a matter of fact, out of the 112 horses of my regiment which took part in the charge,



"I SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE WOUNDED OFFICER."

mishap, and gave him the water, which he gratefully acknowledged, and, turning to us, said, "Men, leave me here, and seek your own safety." But we would not leave him, and the other two troopers carried him off the field while I limped along by his side, ready to render any assistance I could, should the necessity arise.

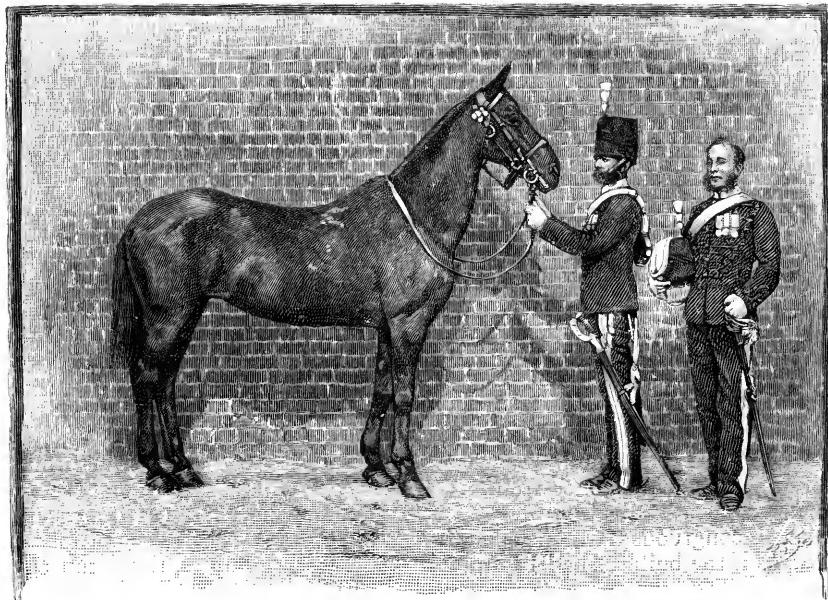
only one, named *Butcher* (so called from the number and severity of its wounds), was brought back to England. This horse was presented to Her Majesty the Queen when the 13th Hussars embarked for India in 1874, and was kept at Hampton Court until its death about ten years ago. Our two regimental doctors had their hands full that

day. They were very busy taking off a leg or an arm here, extracting bullets there, and dressing the wounds, more or less severe, of others. The roll of my regiment had been called before I reached it, and I found I was reported "killed," or "taken prisoner," but I fortunately was neither, and am alive at the present moment, with the glory of being one of the survivors of "The Charge of the Six Hundred."

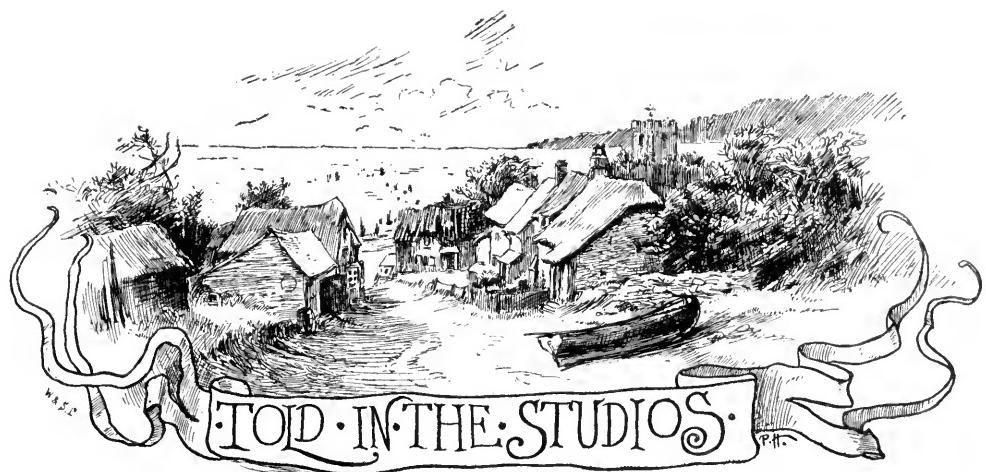
I must not forget to mention that the two men who gallantly succoured the wounded officer and carried him safely off the field were, shortly after landing in England, awarded the Victoria Cross as a reward for their bravery and humanity. Such is the fortune of war, I myself just missed obtain-

ing it. The colonels of the regiments of the Light Brigade got one each to be presented to the most deserving man of each regiment. Some of the colonels made the remark that one man was as much entitled to it as another. Through going down the valley in front of the enemy and bringing Captain Webb, of the 17th Lancers, a drink of water, I was allowed to draw lots for it with Corporal Malone, of my regiment, who assisted Sergeant Berryman to carry his officer off the field.* Malone being the oldest soldier got first draw, and drew the lucky straw.

* A description of Sergeant Berryman's feat, related by himself, appeared in the March number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.



"BUTCHER."



THREE STORIES OF ARTIST LIFE.

BY "RITA,"

Author of "Sheba," "Gretchen," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Dame Durden," &c.

INTRODUCTION.

"BROTHERS OF THE BRUSH."

THE studios stood in a meadow high above the quaint little fishing village of Trenewlyn. The meadow, which the proprietor had jestingly named "Le Champ des Beaux Arts," came suddenly upon one as a surprise on mounting the stony, dusky street that led up from the quay. The studios—three in number—were a still greater surprise, so modern and out of place they looked in this little old-world nook, where only fisher folk had lived and worked since the village had existed.

The streets were narrow and steep, and rudely paved with rough stones from the neighbouring quarry. The houses were piled in an incongruous fashion up the sloping hill, as if the builders had begun at the quay and gone on at intervals dropping these primitive dwellings here and there just as the fancy took them. History stated that the little village had suffered severely at the hands of the Spaniards in 1595, at which time these ruthless invaders had partly destroyed the beautiful old church which stood in the parish of Polwyn, about a mile off.

The wide blue waters of the bay could be stormy and wild at times, and the fleet of brown-sailed fishing boats were glad enough of the shelter and anchorage formed by the solid stone sea wall that stretched

out right and left of the little harbour. It was a pretty sight to see them resting on the pebbly beach, or rocking on the soft rise and fall of the waves, or again standing out to sea like a flock of dark-winged birds, while the groups of women and children stood watching on the quay for a last look or smile from some stalwart lover, or father, or husband. They had their hours of peril, those bronzed and hearty toilers, for the coast was rough and dangerous, and the risk of life and its many hardships but poorly compensated. But, for all that, they were contented and cheerful folk, and apparently satisfied enough with their primitive life and surroundings. There was much that was picturesque and quaint about the little hamlet, and wonderful beauty of bay and coast, where the wide blue sea rolled bold and unbroken to the Lizard Point. And the varying lights and shadows, the quaint dusky houses, the steep streets, the groups of fishermen with their brown nets drying in the sun, the occasional and uncommon beauty of the women, which was curiously Spanish in type and colouring—all these were the delight and inspiration of many an artist who had strayed thither by chance, to stay often enough from choice.

So, in course of time, it entered the mind of one Jasper Trenoweth, owner of the old manor house of Trenoweth, and accounted by the country folk as a somewhat eccentric individual, to buy the waste piece of meadow land that commanded so unrivalled a view,

and build thereon a set of studios for the benefit of such artists as cared for marine subjects. The studios had been built and tenanted for some years, and the place itself had acquired considerable favour among the "Brothers of the Brush." Jasper Trenoweth was a man of great culture and of artistic tastes. He had travelled much, read much, and, in an unobtrusive and almost unrecognised manner, done an immense amount of good to members of a profession which he held in high reverence and esteem. Indeed, he himself had worked and studied as an artist in his youth with no inconsiderable success. But of late years, and, strangely enough, since the first year that the studios had been completed and opened, Jasper Trenoweth had never touched brush or pencil. He gave no reason, but then he was a man too reserved and cold to give confidence easily. A few friends dear to him by association, or kindred tastes, were all he ever asked to the lonely old mansion on the hill-side, where for nearly two centuries the Trenoweths had been born, and dwelt, and died. He was the last of that race; a man living quite alone, with no ties of family, and very few friends. He made good and generous use of his wealth, but always in an unobtrusive manner that few suspected. To artists in their days of struggling and despair he had ever been a friend, but he conferred benefits so delicately that it would have been a difficult matter to trace them back to his hand. A cold man, a cynical man, a man scant of praise, intolerant of feebleness, so said the art world; but here and there some nature would recognise the deep tenderness and nobility of this unknown benefactor; would learn that no man held genius in greater reverence, or gave to it more ready help, even as his scathing words and bit-

ter contempt held up to scorn all that was imitative and mediocre.

Five years had passed since the studios had been tenanted—four since that strange rule had been framed and published by their owner that they would never be let to a woman artist. He was very strict on this point. He would give no reason, and suffer no questioning, but the rule, once made, had been rigidly adhered to.

Various tenants had held the studios from time to time, some remaining but a few months, others for a year or more. One artist, however, a young Irishman, celebrated for his sea pieces, and a great favourite with Jasper Trenoweth, had held his studio ever since they had been opened. This young man knew more of the cynical and reserved owner than any of the "art brotherhood" to whom his tall figure, and grave stern face, and quiet merciless criticisms were familiar.

As far as it was in him to unbend to, or care for anyone, Jasper had unbent to Denis O'Hara: perhaps because the bright sunny nature and genial temperament were so unlike his own—perhaps because he recognised in the youth of five-and-twenty those possibilities which had once allured himself, and knew that he, too, loved art more than fame, in an age when



"HE OPENED THE DOOR."

men care all for fame and little for art.

For five years the two had been constantly together, save for some months when Jasper Trenoweth would be travelling in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway. It was after returning from one of these tours that one evening Jasper Trenoweth took his way down the hillside to the studios.

The general room where the artists usually sat and smoked and drank coffee in the evenings, was bright with lamplight and firelight as he opened the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold looking at the group round the fireplace.

They sprang up at his advent to give him a warm welcome. Brushes had been laid aside, easels forsaken. On the morrow the pictures destined for acceptance or rejection at the Royal Academy would be on view to the village folk, or gentry around. Hard work was over for a time. It remained to be seen what its results would produce.

"Welcome, welcome. Just in time!" rang out cheerily as the well-known face looked back at them.

"I suppose you've come to see what we've been doing," said Denis O'Hara, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You couldn't have hit on a better time, only—" he stopped and glanced round at his companions, a momentary chill and embarrassment on his bright face, and in his usually gay young voice.

"Only—what?" said Jasper Trenoweth, his deep tones sounding less stern than usual as he glanced round at the familiar scene.

A small table stood by the fire-place. It was littered over with sketches, and it seemed to him that the eyes of these "Brothers of the Brush" had suddenly turned to that table, and its loosely scattered contents.

Denis O'Hara seemed to constitute himself spokesman. "Sit down," he said, "and I'll tell you in what schoolboy fashion we were going to amuse ourselves. You see those sketches, . . . we found them in that cupboard yonder, and after some valuable and impartial criticism—which you've missed—we agreed to relate each a story of the origin or subject of one particular sketch, to be selected by vote."

"A good idea and interesting, if you tell the truth," said Jasper Trenoweth. "You must not let my visit interfere with your proposed amusement."

He came forward and stood by the little

table, looking down with grave unsmiling eyes at the scattered suggestions before him. Idly enough his hand turned over the various sheets. The three men resumed their chairs and pipes. They were used to his visits and his ways, and accepted them without remark. Denis O'Hara alone of the group watched the face that was bent over the sketches, watched it with that sense of interest and speculation that it had always aroused in his breast. It was usually so calm and impressive a face that he was startled to see it suddenly flush darkly, hotly to the very brow, as the hand so idly moving among the scattered sheets turned up one and seemed arrested by that one.

A quiver as of pain, or the memory of pain, disturbed the usually impassive features. Jasper Trenoweth's eyes flashed keen and startled on the young and earnest face so intently watching him.

"Who—who did that?" he asked hoarsely.



"WHO DID THAT?"

Denis O'Hara glanced at the sketch. "It is mine," he said, simply.

For a moment the man who had asked that question stood silent and still, gazing down at the picture in his hand, his thoughts and memories centred in something it had recalled. Something—a dream, a hope, a memory?

Ah! even men, the coldest and hardest of men, may have one such dream, one such hope, one such memory. "So it is yours, that sketch," said Jasper Trenoweth. "But it is unfinished. Lend me your pencil, Denis; you may have the credit of the sketch, but I think I alone could tell the story aright."

"And you will, you will!" cried Denis O'Hara eagerly. "How often I've wanted to know—how often I've wondered. Trenoweth, don't think me intrusive or curious, but you know that old folly—the romance of that first year we spent here—if only I knew what had become of—her!"

For a moment Jasper Trenoweth was silent. The others now roused and wondering were looking at him, and at Denis, marvelling at the unwonted excitement of the one, the disturbance of the other. Then they saw the pencil working rapidly over the panel that Jasper Trenoweth held. No one spoke. Swiftly with unerring certainty, with that firmness and ease which bespoke certain knowledge and artistic skill, the sketch grew and lived before their eyes, and Denis O'Hara, breathless and wondering, watched it as no one else watched it, for to him it meant what it could never mean to anyone else, or so, in youth's blind egotism, he imagined.

Then with a deep-drawn breath, almost a sigh, Jasper Trenoweth handed him the sketch, and took the vacant chair placed for himself.

The face of the young artist grew pale as he looked at the little picture.

It was so simple, so unpretentious, and yet it might hold so tragic a meaning.

He looked questioningly at his friend. "I—I cannot understand," he said hesitatingly. "I could not tell the story from this now."

A faint smile quivered on those pale set lips of Jasper Trenoweth. "No?" he said. "But the sketch was yours; describe it."

"A—a large room, one it seems of many rooms. Pictures cover the wall. Before one picture a group of figures standing. Behind the group a man, his frame bent, almost crippled it seems, leaning on a

woman's arm. I—I know the woman—I made this sketch of her long years ago—but—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Trenoweth. "Tell the story of that woman as you know it. I will finish it."

STORY THE FIRST.

"19 ON THE LINE."

DENIS O'HARA kept the sketch in his hand, and glanced at it from time to time as he spoke.

"When I first came here," he said, "I had the place all to myself. I came in one of those fits of enthusiasm at which you all laugh. I had determined to do a great work, and I found everything here I wanted—light, views, climate, and models. Our friend Trenoweth introduced me to the place, gave me inestimable hints, and (no use shaking your head, Jasper; you shall not always hide your light under a bushel) in every way made me at home and comfortable. We were much together, for he was, or *said* he was, interested in my work, and approved of my subject. Sometimes I painted out of doors, favoured by the soft, grey light and equable climate, for which this place is famous. Sometimes I would work in the studio, and often, taking pity on my loneliness, Trenoweth would drop in here in the evenings, and we would talk—as he alone can make anyone talk. Altogether it was very pleasant, and I am not sure that I felt pleased when one evening he strolled down here to show me a letter he had received from one of our fraternity asking to hire a studio for three months in order to complete a picture.

"The handwriting was bold and clear; the signature at the end of the simple, concise words only 'M. Delaporte.' We discoursed and speculated about M. Delaporte. We wondered if he was old or young, agreeable or the reverse; if he would be a bore, or a nuisance—in fact, we talked a great deal about him during the week that intervened between his letter and his arrival. Trenoweth saw to the arrangements of the studio. It was No. II. he had agreed to let, and gave directions as to trains, &c., and then left me to welcome the new comer who was to arrive by the evening train. I had been out all day, and when I came home tired, cold, and hungry, I saw lights in No. II., and thought to myself, 'My fellow artist has arrived, then.' Thinking it would be only civil to give him

welcome, I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice called out, 'Come in!' and, turning the handle, I found myself in the presence of—a woman! For a moment I was too surprised to speak. She was mounted on a short step-ladder, arranging some velvet draperies, and at my entrance she turned and, with the rich-hued stuffs forming a background for the pose of the most beautiful figure woman could boast of, faced me with as much ease and composure as—well, as I lacked.

"'Mr. Trenoweth?' she asked inquiringly.

"Her voice was one of those low, rich, contralto voices, so rare and so beautiful."

His own voice trembled; he glanced again at the sketch in his hand. "But then everything about her was beautiful and perfect. That says enough. 'I'm not Mr. Trenoweth,' I said, 'I'm only an artist living in the next studio. I—I came here to see if Mr. Delaporte had arrived; I beg your pardon for intruding.'

"Do not apologise," she said frankly. "This studio is let to me, and you are very welcome."

"To you?" I said somewhat foolishly. "I thought you were a man."

"She laughed. "I have not that privilege," she said. "But I am an artist, and art takes no count of sex. I hope we shall be friends as well as neighbours."

"I echoed that wish heartily enough. Who would not in my place, and with so charming a companion? There and then I set to work to help her arrange her studio and fix her easel. The picture seemed very large, to judge from the canvas, but she

would not let me see it then. I forgot fatigue, hunger, everything. I thought I had never met a woman with so perfect a charm of manner. The ease and grace and dignity of perfect breeding, yet withal a frank and gracious cordiality that was as winning as it was irresistible. But there—what use to say all this! Only when I once begin to talk of Musette Delaporte I feel I could go on for ever.

"That was a memorable evening. When the studio was arranged to her satisfaction, she made me some tea with a little spirit-lamp arrangement she had, and then we locked up the room, and I took her through the little village to try and find lodgings. Of course, Jasper and I having decided that M. Delaporte was a man, had expected him to

rough it like the rest of us. I could not let her stay in Trenewlyn itself, but took her up the hill-side to a farmhouse, where I felt certain they would accommodate her. She was in raptures with the place, and I agreed with her that it was a paradise, as indeed it seemed to me on that August night. I remember the moon shining over the bay, the fleet of boats standing out to sea, the lights from the town and villages scattered along the coast, or amidst the sloping hills. I did not wonder she was charmed; we all have felt that charm here, and it doesn't lessen with time; we all have acknowledged that also. . . . But I must hurry on. When Trenoweth heard of the new artist's sex he was rather put out. I could not see why myself, and I agreed that the mistake was our own. M might stand for Mary, or Magdalen, or Marietta, just as well as



"SHE WAS ARRANGING SOME VELVET DRAPERIES."

for Maurice, or Malcolm, or Mortimer. However, when he came down and saw M. Delaporte here, I heard no more about the disadvantages of sex. She was essentially a woman for companionship, cultured, brilliant, artist to her finger-tips, yet with all her beauty and fascination, holding a certain proud reserve between herself and ourselves, marking a line we dared not overstep. At the end of a month we knew little more about her than we did on that first evening. I opined that she was a widow; but no hint, however skilful, no trap, however baited, could force her into confidence or self-betrayal. We called her Mrs. Delaporte. Her name was Musette, she told me. Her mother had been a Frenchwoman; of her father she never spoke. She worked very hard, often putting me to shame, but still she would not let me see the picture, always skilfully turning the easel so that the canvas was hidden whenever Jasper or myself entered the studio. We were never permitted to do so in working hours, but when the daylight faded, and the well-known little tea-table was set out, we often dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. It was all so pleasant, so homelike. The studio, with its draperies and its bowls of flowers, its plants, and books, and feminine trifles . . . I—I wonder how it is some women seem to lend individuality to their surroundings. . . . The

studio has never looked the same since she left. . . ."

He paused, and laid down the sketch. The usual gaiety and brightness of his face was subdued and shadowed.

"I—well, it's no good to dwell on it all now," he said abruptly. "Of course I fell madly in love with her. Who could help it? I bet any of you fellows here would have done the same. I neglected work. I could only moon and dream and follow her about, when she let me, which I am bound to say was not very often. I'm sure I used to bore Trenoweth considerably at that time, though he was very patient. And she was just the same always: calm, friendly, gracious, absorbed in her work, and to all appearances unconscious of what mischief her presence had wrought. As the third month drew near to its end I grew desperate. I thought she avoided me, she never let me into the studio now, and I must confess I had a great curiosity to see the picture. But she laughingly evaded all my hints, and would only receive me at the farmhouse. I believe Trenoweth was equally unsuccessful. At last I could stand it no longer. I spoke out and told her the whole truth. Of course," and he laughed somewhat bitterly, "it was no use. If she had been my mother or my sister she could not have been more serenely gracious, more pitiful, or more surprised. I—I had made a fool of

myself as we men call it, and all to no purpose. It was maddening, but I knew it was hopeless. I had almost known it before my desperate confession. I couldn't bear to see her again. I felt I hated the place, it was so full of memories. So, suddenly, without a word to Trenoweth or herself, I packed up my traps and started off on a sketching tour through Cornwall. When I came back, the



"A CUP OF TEA AND A CHAT."

studio was closed, and Trenoweth had gone away. The man left in charge and who made the arrangements for letting them, told me that a new rule had been made by their landlord. They were never to be let to women artists. That is all my part of the story. This—this sketch is only the figure I remember. She was standing once just like that, looking at the wall of the studio, as if to her it was peopled with life, and form and colour. ‘I—I was fancying myself at the Academy,’ she said to me, as I asked her at what she was gazing, ‘at the Academy, and my picture on the line.’ I do not know if she ever attained her ambition,” he added. “I have never seen or heard of her since.”

He glanced at Jasper Trenoweth, who silently held out his hand for the sketch.

For a moment silence reigned throughout the room. The eyes of all were on the bent head and sad, grave face of the man who sat there before them, his thoughts apparently far away, so far that he seemed to have forgotten his promise to finish the story which Denis O’Hara had begun.

At last he roused himself. “There is not much more to add,” he said slowly. “All that Denis has said of Musette Delaporte is true, and more than true. She was one of those women who are bound to leave their mark on a man’s life and memory. After Denis left so abruptly I saw very little of her. She seemed restless, troubled, and disturbed. Her mind was absorbed in the completion of her picture. That unrest and dissatisfaction which is ever the penalty of enthusiasm, had now taken the place of previous hopefulness. ‘If it should fail,’ she said to me. ‘Oh, you don’t know what that would mean. You don’t know what I have staked on it.’”

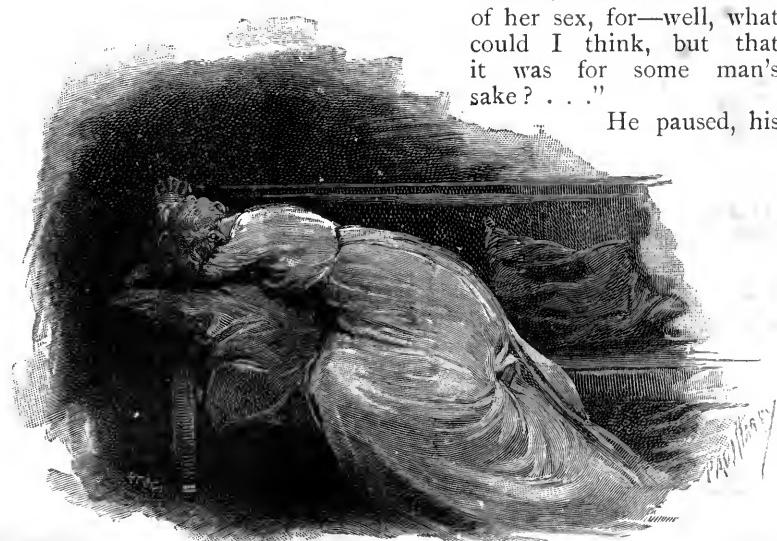
“Still she never offered to show it to me, and I would not presume to ask. I kept away for several days, thinking she was best undisturbed. All artists have gone

through that phase of experience which she was undergoing. . . . It is scarcely possible to avoid it, if, indeed, one has any appreciation for, or love of, art in one’s nature.

“At last, one day I walked down to the studio. I knocked at the door. . . . There was no answer. I turned the handle, and entered. In the full light of the sunset, as it streamed through the window, stood the easel, covered no longer, and facing me, as I paused on the threshold, was the picture. I stood there too amazed to speak or move. . . . It was magnificent. If I had not known that only a woman’s hand had converted that canvas into a living breathing history, I could not have believed it. There was nothing crude or weak or feminine about it. The power and force of genius spoke out like a living voice, and seemed to demand the homage it so grandly challenged. Suddenly I became aware of a sound in the stillness—the low, stifled sobbing of a woman. . . . I saw her then, thrown face downwards on the couch at the farthest end of the room, her face buried in the cushions, her whole frame trembling and convulsed with a passion of grief. ‘Oh, Maurice !’ she sobbed, and then again only that name—‘Maurice ! Maurice ! Maurice !’

“I closed the door softly, and went away. There seemed to me something sacred in this grief. . . . I—I could not intrude on it. She was so near to Fame. She held so great a gift . . . and yet she lay weeping her heart out yonder, like the weakest and most foolish of her sex, for—well, what could I think, but that it was for some man’s sake? . . .”

He paused, his



“OH, MAURICE !”

voice seemed a little less steady, a little less cold.

"On the morrow," he said abruptly, "she was gone, leaving a note of farewell, and—and thanks for me. I felt a momentary disappointment. I should like to have said farewell to her, and it was strange, too, how much I missed her and Denis. The loneliness and quiet of my life grew more than lonely as the days went on, and I at last made up my mind to go to London. Whether by chance or purpose I found myself there on the day the Academy opened. All who are artists know what that day means for them. I—well, I was artist enough to feel the interest of art triumphs, and the sorrow of its failures. I went where half London was thronging, and mingled with the crowd, artistic, critical, and curious, who were gathered in the Academy galleries. I passed into the first room. I noticed how the crowds surged and pushed and thronged around one picture there, and I heard murmurs of praise and wonder from scores of lips as I, too, tried to get sight of what seemed to them so marvellous and attractive. At last a break in the throng favoured me. I looked over the heads of some dozen people in front of the picture, and I saw—the picture I had gazed at in such wonder and delight in the studio of Musette Delaporte! Deservedly honoured, it hung there on the line, and already its praises were sounding, and these severest critics as well as the most eager enthusiasts were giving it fame.

"I turned away at last. My steps were, however, arrested on the outskirts of the crowd by sight of a woman whose figure seemed strangely fami-

liar. Her face was veiled and somewhat averted, but I knew well enough that pose of the beautiful head, that coil of gold brown hair, just lifted from the white neck. She—she did not see me as for a moment I lingered there. Then I noticed she was not alone. Leaning on her arm was a man, his face pale and worn, as if by long suffering, his frame bent and crippled. As his eyes caught the picture I saw the sudden light and wonder that leaped into his face. I saw, too, the glory of love and tenderness in hers. I drew nearer, the man was speaking: 'How could you do it,' he said, 'how could you?' 'Oh, Maurice, forgive me,' said that low, remembered voice. 'Dearest, are we not one in heart and soul and name? I only finished what you had so well begun. You were so ill and helpless, and when you went into the hospital, oh, the days were so long and so empty. I meant to tell you, but when it was finished I had not the courage, so I just sent it, signed, as usual, M. Delaporte. I—I never dared to hope it would be accepted. After all, what did I do? The plan, the thought, the detail all were yours, only my poor weak hand worked when yours was helpless.'

I was so close I heard every word, so close that I saw him bend and kiss with reverence the hand that she had called poor and weak, so close that I heard the low breathed murmur from his lips, 'God bless and reward you, my noble wife!' *

"And she was married all the time!" said Denis plaintively. "She might have told us!"

Jasper Tre-noweth was silent,



"LEANING ON HER ARM WAS A MAN—BENT AND CRIPPLED."

Notes on Jonathan's Daughters.

BY MAX O'RELL.



In an article on "The Typical American," which appeared in *The North American Review* (May, 1890), I ventured to hazard the opinion that the typical American does not exist, as yet: that the American gentleman differs not at all from a gentleman of any other country, and that no citizen of the Great Republic can be pointed out as typical, although in the ordinary American are to be found two traits which are very characteristic of him, and of other dwellers in new countries, viz., childishness and inquisitiveness.

But, although I failed to find a typical American man, I am very strongly of opinion that the American lady is typical. Good society is apt to mould all who frequent it into one pretty even shape, and it is all the more astonishing, therefore, to find the American *lady* with such a separate individuality.

Of the ordinary American woman I am not in a position to speak. In my wanderings through the United States I made acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men; but, coming to the petticoated portion of the community, I had practically no opportunity of studying any but ladies.

The American lady, in my eyes, is a distinct type; her charm is distinct from the charm of any European lady, and is certainly equal in extent to any. Two traits struck me very forcibly in her, and to the first of these I think she owes a great part of her success. They are, naturalness, or utter absence of affectation, and—shall I say it?—a lurking contempt for man. Not a militant contempt, not a loud contempt, but a quiet, queenly, benevolent contempt. I talk about her owing her success to the first of these; but who shall say whether her triumphant progress has not been greatly due to the second?

I have often tried to explain to myself this gentle contempt of American ladies for the male sex; for, contrasting it with the devotion, the lovely devotion of Jonathan to his womankind, it is a curious enigma. Have I found the solution at last? Does it begin at school? In American schools, boys and girls, from the age of five, follow the same path to learning, and side by side on the same benches. Moreover, the girls prove themselves thoroughly capable of keeping pace with the boys. Is it not possible that the girls, as they watched the performances of the boys in the study, have learnt to say: "Is that all?" while the young lords of creation, as they looked on at what "those girls" can do, have been fain to exclaim: "Who would have thought it?" And does not this explain the two attitudes: the great respect of men for women, and the mild contempt of women for men?

* * * * *

When I was in New York, and had time to saunter about, I would go up Broadway, and wait until a car, well crammed with people, came along. Then I would jump on board, and stand near the door. Whenever a man wanted to get out, he would say to me, "Please," or "Excuse me," or just touch me lightly to warn me that I stood in his way. But the ladies! Oh, the ladies! Why, it was simply lovely. They would just push me away with the tips of their fingers, and turn up such disgusted and haughty noses! You would have imagined it was a heap of dirty rubbish in their way.

* * * * *

Just as one of the hardest ways of earning a living is to be a middle-class English wife, so one of the loveliest sinecures in the world is to be an American lady. A small, sometimes no, family to bring up; very often no house to keep; three months' holiday in Europe; a devoted, hardworking husband ever ready to pet her, worship her, and supply the wherewith; an education that enables her to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life; a charming naturalness of manner; a freedom from conventionality; a bold picturesqueness of speech; a native

brilliancy ; all combine to make her a distinct type, and the queen of her sex.

* * * *

When a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman converse together, they can seldom forget that one is a man and the other a woman. It does not prove that a Frenchwoman must necessarily be, and is, affected in her relations with men ; but it explains why she does not feel, as the American woman does, that a man and a woman can enjoy a *tête-à-tête* free from all those commonplace flatteries, compliments, and platitudes that badly understood gallantry suggests. Many American ladies have made me forget, by the easiness of their manner, and the charm and naturalness of their conversation, that I was speaking with women, and with lovely ones too. This I could never have forgotten in the company of French ladies.

On account of this feeling, and perhaps also of the difference which exists between the education received by a man and that received by a woman in France, the conversation will always be on some light topics, literary, artistic, dramatic, social, or other. Indeed, it would be most unbecoming for a man

to start a very serious subject of conversation with a French lady to whom he had just been introduced. He would be taken for a pedant or a man of bad breeding.

In America, men and women receive practically the same education, and this of course enlarges the circle of conversational topics between the sexes. I shall always remember a beautiful American girl, not more than twenty years of age, to whom I was once introduced in a New York drawing-room, as she was giving to a lady sitting next to her a most minute description of the latest bonnet invented in Paris, and

who, turning towards me, asked me point blank if I had read M. Ernest Renan's last book, "The History of the People of Israel." Well, I had not. I had to confess that I had not yet had time to read it. But she had, and she gave me, without the remotest touch of affectation or pedantry, a most interesting, detailed, and learned analysis of that remarkable book, almost in one breath with the description of the Paris bonnet. I related this incident in "Jonathan and his Continent." On reading it, some of my countrymen, critics and others, exclaimed : "We imagine the fair American girl wore a pair of gold spectacles."

"No, my dear compatriots, nothing of the sort. No gold spectacles, no guy. It was a beautiful girl, dressed with the most exquisite taste and care, and most charming and womanly."

An American woman, however learned she may be, is a sound politician, and she knows that the best thing she can make of herself is a woman, and she remains a woman. She will always make herself as attractive as she possibly can, not to please men, to please herself. If in a French drawing-room I were to re-

mark to a lady how clever some woman in the room looked, she would probably closely examine that woman's dress to find out what I thought was wrong about it. It would probably be the same in England, but not in America.

A Frenchwoman will seldom be jealous of another woman's cleverness. She will far more readily forgive her this quality than beauty. "Oh ! how I should like to be a man !" once exclaimed a French lady in my presence. An American lady would probably have said to her : "My dear, you are ever so much better as you are !"



"THEY WOULD JUST PUSH ME AWAY."

Of all the ladies I have met, I have no hesitation in declaring that the American ones are the least affected. With them, I repeat it, I feel at ease as I do with no other women in the world.

With whom but an *Américaine* would the following little scene have been possible?

It was on a Friday afternoon in Boston, the reception-day of Mrs. X., an old friend of my wife and myself. I thought I would call upon her early in the afternoon, before the crowd of visitors had begun to arrive. I went to her house at half-past three. Mrs. X. received me in the drawing-room, and we soon were talking on the one hundred and one topics that old friends have on their tongue tips. Presently the conversation fell on love and lovers. Mrs. X. drew her chair up a little nearer to the fire, put the toes of her little slippers on the fender-stool, and with a charmingly confidential, but perfectly natural, manner, said :—

" You are married, and love your wife ; I am married, and love my husband ; we are both artists, let's have our say out."

And we proceeded to have our say out.

But, lo ! all at once I noticed about half an inch of the seam of her black silk bodice was unsewn. We men, when we see a lady with something awry in her toilette, how often do we long to say to her : " Excuse me, Madam, but perhaps you don't know that you have a hairpin sticking out two inches just behind your ear," or, " Pardon me, Miss, I'm a married man, there is something wrong just under your waist belt."

But we dare not say so. We are afraid we shall be told to mind our own business.

Now, I felt for Mrs. X., who was just going to receive a crowd of callers, with a little rent in one of her bodice seams, and tried to persuade myself to be brave, and tell her of it. Yet I hesitated. People take things so differently. The conversation went on unflaggingly. More than once I had started a little cough, and was on the point of—but my courage failed. The clock struck half-past four. I could not stand it any longer.

" Mrs. X.," said I, all in a breath, " you are married, and love your husband ; I am married, and love my wife ; we are both

artists ; there is a little bit of seam come unsewn just there by your left arm, run and get it sewn up ! "

The peals of laughter that I heard going on upstairs while the damage was being repaired, proved to me that there was no resentment to be feared ; but, on the contrary, that I had earned the gratitude of Mrs. X.

* * *

Inquisitiveness, I have said, is a characteristic feature of American men ; but I imagine that this feature is also to be found in the daughters of the Great Republic.

During my second visit to

the States, it amused me to notice that the Americans to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, refrained from asking me what I thought of America, but they invariably inquired if the impressions of my first visit were confirmed.

One afternoon, at an " At Home " in Boston, I met a lady from New York who asked me a most extraordinary question.

" I have read ' Jonathan and his Continent,' " she said to me. " I suppose that is a book of impressions written for pub-



" INQUISITIVENESS."

lication. But now, tell me *en confidence*, what do you think of us?"

"Is there anything in that book," I replied, "which can make you suppose that it is not the faithful expression of what I think of America and the Americans?"

"Well," she said, "it is so complimentary, taken altogether, that I must confess I had a lurking suspicion of your having purposely flattered us, and indulged our national weakness for hearing ourselves praised, so as to make sure of a warm reception for your book."

"No doubt," I ventured, "by writing a flattering book on any country, you would greatly increase your chance of a large sale in that country; but, on the other hand, you may write an abusive book on any country, and score a great success among that nation's neighbours. For my part, I have always gone my own quiet way, philosophising rather than opiniating, and when I write, it is not with the aim of pleasing any particular public. I note down what I see, say what I think, and people may read me or not, just as they please. But I think I may boast, however, that my pen is never bitter, and I do not care to

criticise unless I feel a certain amount of sympathy with the subject of my criticism. If I felt that I must honestly say hard things of people, I would always abstain altogether."

"Now," said my fair questioner, "how is it that you have so little to say about our Fifth Avenue folks? Is it because you have seen very little of them, or is it because you could only have said hard things of them?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I saw a good deal of them, but what I saw showed me that to describe them would be only to describe polite society, as it exists in London and elsewhere. Society gossip is not in my line, boudoir and club smoking-room scandal has no charm for me. Fifth Avenue resembles too much Mayfair and Belgravia to make criticism of it worth attempting."

I knew this answer would have the effect of putting me into the lady's good graces at once, and I was not disappointed. She accorded to me her sweetest smile, as I bowed to her, to go and be introduced to another lady by the mistress of the house.

The next lady was a Bostonian. I had to explain to her why I had not spoken of



"MR. BLANK WAS ALSO VERY MUCH ALIVE."

Beacon Street people, using the same argument as in the case of Fifth Avenue society, and with the same success.

* * * *

At the same "At Home," I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blank, whom I had met many times in London and Paris.

She is one of the crowd of pretty and clever women whom America sends to brighten up European society, and who reappear both in London and Paris with the regularity of the swallows. You meet them

European society during every recurring season.

American women have such love for independence and freedom that their visits to Europe could not arouse suspicion, even in the most malicious. But, nevertheless, I was glad to have heard of Mr. Blank, because it is comfortable to have one's mind at rest on these subjects. Up to now, whenever I had been asked, as sometimes happened, though seldom: "Who is Mr. Blank, and where is he?" I had always answered: "Last puzzle out!"



"MONSIEUR AND MADAME."

everywhere, and conclude that they must be married, since they are styled Mrs., and not Miss. But whether they are wives, widows, or *divorcées*, you rarely think of inquiring, and you may enjoy their acquaintance, and even their friendship, for years, without knowing whether they have a living lord or not.

Mrs. Blank, as I say, is a most fascinating specimen of America's daughters, and that day in Boston I found that Mr. Blank was also very much alive, but the companions of his joys and sorrows were the telephone and the ticker; in fact, it is thanks to his devotion to these that the wife of his bosom is able to adorn

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy any other women, they are original. I can recognise an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

Would you have a fair illustration of the respective positions of women in France, in England, and in America?

Go to a hotel, and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-rooms.

Now, don't go to the Louvre, the Grand Hôtel, or the Bristol, in Paris. Don't go to Claridge's, the Savoy, the Victoria, or the Métropole, in London. Don't go to Delmonico's in New York, or the Thordyke in Boston, because in all these hotels, you will probably run the risk of seeing all behave alike. Go elsewhere, and, I say, watch.

In France, you will see Monsieur and Madame arrive together, walk abreast towards the table assigned to them, very often arm in arm, talking and smiling at each other—though married. Equal footing.

In England, you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have the dining-room all

to himself. So he enters, with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull.

But in America ! Oh, in America, behold, the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going towards her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind !

* * * *

They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise ; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice :

“Oh ! make me an American woman !”



Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.



From a Photo, by]

AGE 30.

[*Le Jeune, Paris.*]

THE EX-EMPEROR EUGÉNIE.

BORN 1826.

EUGÉNIE, Ex-Empress of the French, was born in Granada May 5, 1826. Her father was an officer in the Spanish army; her mother, Doña Maria Kirkpatrick, was descended from a Scotch family who had fled to Spain after the fall of the Stuarts. Eugénie's childhood was spent at Madrid, but she was afterwards sent to school in England, and resided with her mother for some time in London. When she was twenty-five she paid a long visit to Paris, where



From a]

AGE 37.

[*Photograph.*]



From a Photo, by]

PRESENT DAY.

[*W. & D. Downey.*]

her great beauty and intellectual gifts won the heart of Napoleon III. The marriage was celebrated with great magnificence on January 29, 1853, at Notre Dame. In 1856, the year in which our first portrait represented her, at the height of her remarkable beauty, the Prince Imperial was born, who, in our second portrait, is shown at the age of seven at his mother's knee. On June 1, 1879, occurred the great sorrow of her life, when the Prince Imperial was killed by the savages in South Africa. Her Majesty now lives in retirement at her mansion at Farnborough.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 32.

[F. S. Window



From a Photo. by]

AGE 39

[Window & Grove.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 42.

[Sarony.

W. S. GILBERT.

BORN 1836.



FULL account of Mr. Gilbert's life appears in the present number, recounted for the most part by himself—a fact which lends additional interest to this series of portraits, but which renders it unneces-

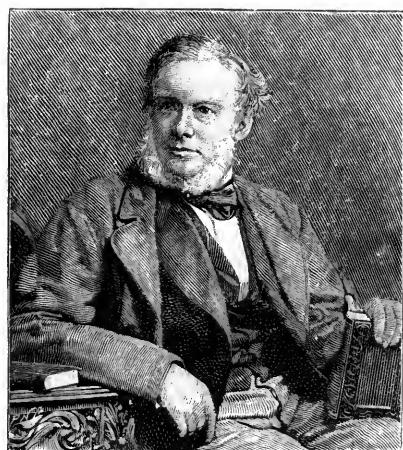


From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

sary to enter in this place into any particulars of his career. The first of our portraits shows Mr. Gilbert as a lawyer, the second in the uniform of a captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders, the third as the author of several successful plays, and the last as the most original and popular writer of comic operas now living.

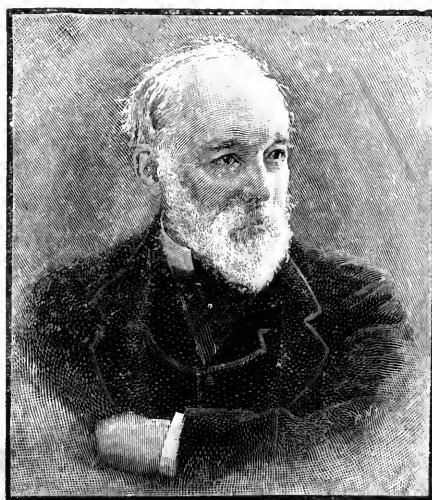


From a] AGE 28. [Daguerreotype.

AGE 47.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.AGE 53.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.AGE 60.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.DR. SAMUEL
SMILES.

BORN 1812.

SA MUEL SMILES, born at Haddington, Scotland, was educated as a surgeon, but abandoned the profession at about the date of our first portrait to become editor of *The Leeds Times*. He had already written his first book, "Physical Education."



From a Photo. by]

AGE 78.

[Le Lieure, Rome.

In 1845 he became secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, which, ten years later, he left for the South-Eastern Railway. All this time he was putting forth his popular books, and at the date of our second portrait had just written perhaps the most popular of them all, "Self-Help." Few men have had the privilege of addressing a wider audience than has Dr. Smiles.



From a]

AGE 12

[Silhouette.]

**JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.
BORN 1830.**

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, according to the account with which he has been good enough to favour us, learned very little at school, except the classics and French: German and Italian he studied afterwards. He was extremely fond of Latin and Greek, and when quite a small boy used to read even the most difficult Latin and Greek authors quite fluently. He read all the classics he could get hold of when school hours were over. He never had the slightest pretension to scholarship, and only acquired what may be called a literary knowledge of the languages, enough to enable him to read the books he loved. Even still, though he has lost his boyish familiarity with the languages, he has kept up his acquaintance with the great authors of Greece and Rome. He never had any taste for science, except for astronomy, and even that he did not cultivate to any practical extent. At one time he fancied himself a poet, and

wrote and published much verse—nearly all of it anonymously. But he became satisfied in his own mind that he had no genuine gift of poetry, and he resolutely gave up any attempts at verse. Born and brought up in a seaport town, he was in his early days passionately fond of yachting, rowing, and



From a Photo. by] AGE 35.

[Watkins.

swimming—but afterwards he had no leisure to cultivate such pursuits. He entered a lawyer's office immediately after leaving school, and studied law there for about a year. Family affairs compelled him to give up the idea, and he took to newspaper work instead. He became attached to *The Cork Examiner* when he was hardly more than fifteen years old, and has been connected with journalism ever since. He always says that the one great success of his life has been that he has known so many famous, and gifted, and interesting men and women. He is, and ever has been, a devoted Irish Nationalist, and is well known outside the world of politics as a novelist, and by his "*History of Our Own Times*."



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Barraud.

C C



From a

AGE 12.

F. TAYLOR & CO.
[Drawing.]

From a Photo. by

AGE 19.

F. TAYLOR & CO.
[Alex. Bassano.]

From a Photo. by]

AGE 26.

[London Stereoscopic Co.



From a Photo.]

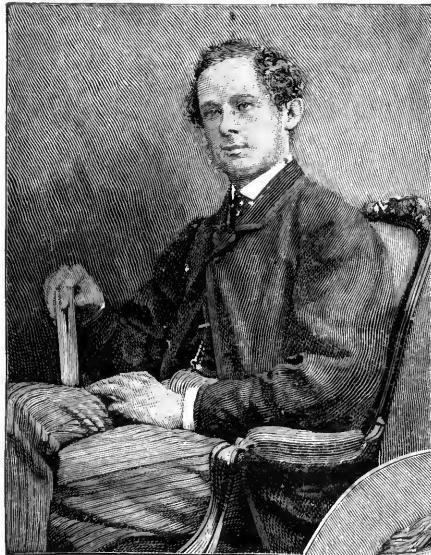
PRESENT DAY.

[by Walery.]

CHARLES WARNER.

MR. CHARLES WARNER, who was originally intended for an architect, made his first appearance in London when he was eighteen years of age, as *Romeo* at the Princess's Theatre. Those who afterwards saw him play *Charley Burridge* in Byron's drama, "Daisy Farm," could not fail to recognise his rare histrionic gifts. When the famous "Our Boys" was produced, he contributed in a large measure to its phenomenal success by his creation of *Charles*

Middlewick. There was, however, a hidden power in Mr. Warner which few suspected, and it was not till he played *Coupeau* in Charles Reade's "Drink," that this power had the opportunity of revealing itself. His performance of this character stands now, in the recognition of critic and playgoer alike, as one of the notable performances of the age. Mr. Warner's reputation and position caused tempting offers to be made to him from Australia, and in our Britain across the seas he gained fame and fortune. He has this year been playing at Drury Lane Theatre with marked success,



AGE 20.
From a Photograph.



AGE 26.
From a Photograph by the London
School of Photography.

SIR MORELL
MACKENZIE.
BORN 1837.

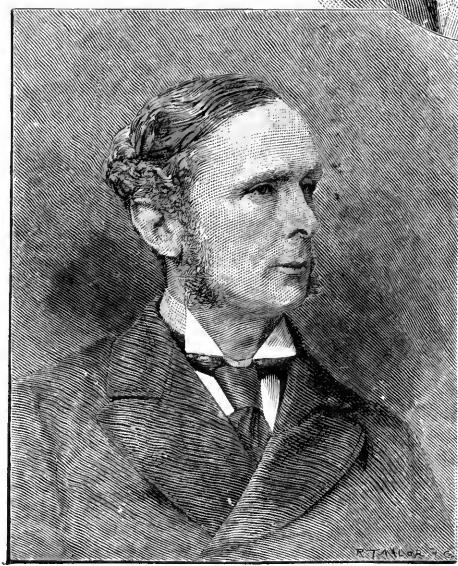


SIR MORELL
MACKENZIE'S father,
who was a



AGE 31.

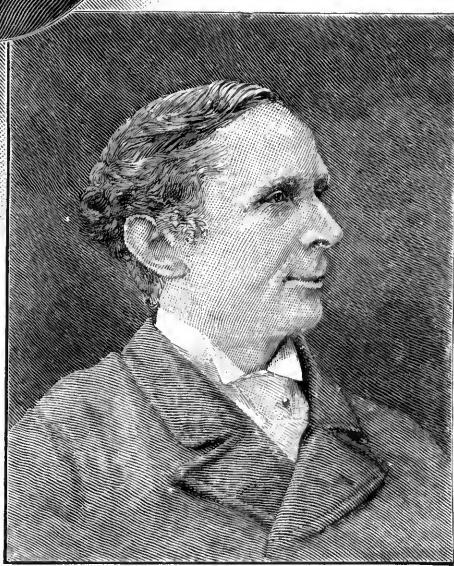
Company, Cornhill, but
soon entered as a
student at the London
Hospital, where, and
afterwards at Vienna,



From a Photo. by]

AGE 38.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 54.

L. Mennel & Son.

doctor, was killed by being thrown from his gig, when the boy was only fourteen. He began life in the Union Life Assurance

he commenced the distinguished career, of which the results are known to all the world.

Three in Charge.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

T is a little incident of ocean life now a good many years old ; but human nature was the same then as it is now ; and, indeed, the older I grow the more I find human nature the same now as it was then.

Business had carried me to the East Indies. I had visited Madras, whence I had proceeded to Calcutta, and from Calcutta I had made my way to Rangoon. I stayed in that place a month, by which time my health had suffered so greatly from the climate that I made up my mind to return to Europe in a sailing ship, that I might spend many long weeks among the fresh breezes of the sea, and get all the benefit I could out of the incessant changes of climate which a voyage down the Indian Ocean, and round the Cape of Good Hope, and up the two Atlantics provides you with.

There was a full-rigged ship lying at Rangoon, called the *Biddy McDougal*. I heard that she was to sail at much about a date that would suit my convenience, and as she looked a comfortable, stout ship, I inquired the name of the agent, called upon him, and asked if I could get a passage to England by the vessel. He answered "Yes ;" she was bound to London ; she was not a passenger ship, but the captain would no doubt be glad to accommodate me with a cabin. The charge would be so much—I forget the figure, but I recollect that it was moderate, something short of forty pounds. For this money I was

to live on such provisions as were served up at the captain's table, but the spirits and wine I might need I must myself lay in.

Next day I went aboard the *Biddy McDougal* to inspect her cabin accommodation. On climbing over the gangway I was received by a tall, rather good-looking man, with a face remarkable for its expression of sternness. His skin was blackened by exposure to the sun and weather, and another shade of dye would have qualified him to pass for a native. He frowned as he surveyed me, and inquired my business on board.

"I am going to England in this ship," said I, "and I have come to see what sort of a cabin I am to sleep in."

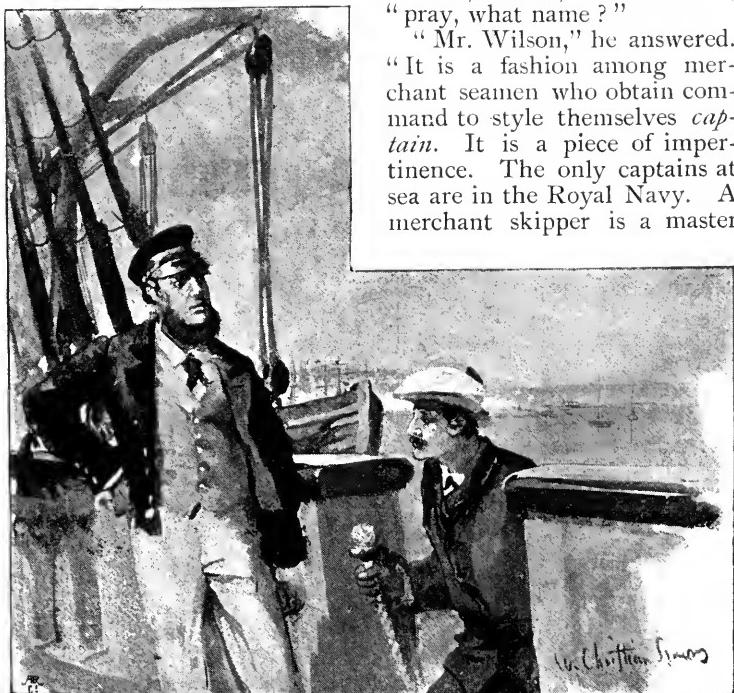
"Oh, I beg pardon," he exclaimed, but without relaxing his stern expression. "I thought——," he broke off and muttered behind his teeth.

"Who are you ?" said I, "the mate ?"

"No, sir, I am the captain."

"Oh, indeed," I exclaimed ; "pray, what name ?"

"Mr. Wilson," he answered. "It is a fashion among merchant seamen who obtain command to style themselves *captain*. It is a piece of impertinence. The only captains at sea are in the Royal Navy. A merchant skipper is a master



"I WAS RECEIVED BY A TALL, RATHER GOOD-LOOKING MAN."

mariner. All merchant captains are misters. I am plain Mr. Wilson, at your service, sir."

He spoke with considerable heat; but I was willing to attribute his temper to the weather, which was certainly very trying. And then, again, his men might have given him trouble, for numerous and deep are the worries and anxieties of the British shipmaster. Much is expected of him, and little is given. His crew are slender and ignorant; they charge upon him every outrage that is perpetrated by the owner, and often would they be glad to cut his throat before the land is out of sight; he has no professional prospects, and when at last he runs his ship ashore, or loses her in a gale of wind, or by fire, and is compelled by a Court of Inquiry to withdraw from the vocation which he has pursued, if not adorned, man and boy, for perhaps forty years, there is no other port under his lee for him to bring up in than the establishment at Belvedere, which, I regret to say, is always in want of funds and always inconveniently full.

Therefore it was that when Mr. Wilson spoke with heat about shipmasters styling themselves *captains*, I made "allowances," as

the phrase goes, and after briefly acquiescing in his views, requested to be allowed to see the cabin the agent had offered me. I viewed that cabin, and found it small and ill-lighted, but on the whole it was a better cabin than I had expected to find on board such a ship as the *Biddy McDougal*. The state-room, in which the meals were taken, was a tolerably cheerful interior, very plainly furnished, with a large skylight over the table, a stove for cold weather, a lamp, a clock in the skylight, and a big telescope in the companion way. There were three cabins forward and two cabins

abaft. My cabin was forward, on the starboard side.

Mr. Wilson and I went on deck, and we stood conversing awhile under the shelter of an awning. I asked the number of the crew, the time the ship had occupied in making the outward passage, and so on, and then went ashore, understanding that the vessel would not sail for another week.

Three days later I paid a second visit to the ship, for by this time I had purchased what I needed, and I wished to see where the cases and parcels had been stowed. On stepping on board I beheld an immensely stout, red-faced man with a wide straw hat on his head, dressed in white drill, seated in a chair with poles attached to it under the



"I BEHELD AN IMMENSELY STOUT, RED-FACED MAN."

short awning which sheltered a portion of the quarterdeck. Two or three sailors were lounging in the forepart of the ship. There was no work apparently doing. I looked about me for Mr. Wilson, the master, and seeing nothing of him, I directed my eyes in search of any individual who might resemble the mate.

"Pray, what's your business?" called out the stout, red-faced man without attempting to rise.

"I wish to see the captain," said I.

"Well, you are looking at him," he answered.

"I do not see him," I exclaimed, casting my gaze around.

"Why, ye can't be so blind as all that!" cried the stout, red-faced man in a noisy, roaring, yet greasy voice, which he followed on with a succession of hearty chuckles.

"I want to see the captain," said I, feeling much too hot and tired to be made a fool of by a rough, shapeless, red-faced lump of a man such as was he who gazed at me out of a pair of little weak, moist blue eyes, set in the midst of a countenance as round and inflamed as the newly-risen November moon at its full.

"I am the captain," said he.

"What is your name?" said I, approaching him.

"Captain Timothy Punch," he answered; "what is your business, sir?"

I informed him that I had taken a passage in the *Biddy McDougal* for England.

"Oh, you're the gent!" he cried, and his manner immediately became respectful. "You'll excuse me for not rising. I'm full up, flush to the hatches with gout, and pain ain't going to improve the manners of a plain sailor. If I'm a bit rough in my speech, you'll excuse me. What can I offer ye, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"A ship's fok'sle was my college," he continued, giving expression to his enjoyment of the matter of his speech by a succession of oily chuckles, "and I comes from a rough stock, sir. Ye may have heard of the famous Captain John Punch, him as was a terror to all wrong-doers down in the West Indian waters. He couldn't read or write, but he was a captain in the Royal Navy for all that, as you may h'ascertain by consulting the Admiralty lists of his day. His not being able to write was nothen; but his not being able to read was a bit inconvenient now and again; as, for instance, when he was sent away under sealed orders, or when he'd get an official letter marked 'confidential,' the inside of which he was to keep strictly secret."

He was proceeding, but I cut the garrulous old gentleman short.

"I may take it," said I, "that there has been a fresh captain appointed to this ship since I visited her a few days ago?"

"You may take it," he noisily wheezed, "that the captain of this ship is Timothy Punch. He brought the *Biddy McDougal* out, and he's going to take the *Biddy McDougal* home."

I viewed him with astonishment, but held my tongue, never doubting that the "Mr. Wilson" whom I had met, and who might have happened to be on board as a guest, or as a sightseer, when I arrived, had entertained himself at my expense by a deliberate lie.

Captain Punch again apologised for not being able to rise, yet made an effort to stir in his chair for no other purpose, however, that I could see than to force a groan that sounded like an execration. He told me that my private stock of wine and the other matters I had laid in were safely housed in the berth adjoining mine, a berth that was unoccupied, and was therefore at my service, as well as the cabin I had paid for. Nevertheless, I went below to make sure. In the cabin I found a young fellow cleaning some glasses.

"Are you the steward?" said I.

"I waits upon the captain," he answered.

"The captain?" I exclaimed.

"Captain Punch, sir," said he.

"Then it is all right so far as Punch goes," thought I; "and that fellow Wilson—if I should happen to meet him!"

"Is there a regular steward?" said I.

"I does all the waiting at this here table," answered the young fellow.

On this I told him that I was the passenger, bade him see that my cabin was clean and comfortable and in readiness for me, slipped a few rupees into his hand, and, after looking at my purchases, returned on deck.

The captain told me that the ship would certainly sail on the following Wednesday, at some hour in the forenoon, and bade me be on board not later than nine.

"We ought to ha' got away three weeks ago," he exclaimed. "It's all along of the Rangoon port authorities, as they call themselves. Every snivelling creature whose dirty little soul is wropped up in a white hide is a boss in this here flaming country, and the more snivelling he is, and the dirtier the little soul what's wropped up in him is, the more aggrevatingly does he go to work in his bossing jobs. Punch knows 'em. They've got Punch's hump up often enough, and lucky it is for these here port authorities that Punch ain't no longer the man he was;" and here he looked at his immense gouty fists, then fastened his eyes significantly upon his bloated, seemingly helpless knees.

I sent my baggage to the ship on the Tuesday afternoon, and at nine o'clock on

the following morning I repaired on board the *Biddy McDougal* as she lay in the river off the town. On gaining the deck I perceived a number of seamen employed upon the ground tackle, and I seemed to catch sight of the man who had called himself "Wilson" and "captain" standing in the ship's head, and gazing down over the bows ; but his face was but partially revealed, and the shadow of his wide straw hat darkened and obscured the little of his countenance that was visible. A man stood near the gangway, clothed in blue serge with a white cover to his naval cap. He was a sullen-looking fellow, with a roll of white beard and whiskers running down his cheeks under his throat, a sour mouth, and a dry twist of face which, rounding into one eye, made it look smaller than the other. As I had not yet met the mate of the ship, I supposed that this man might be that officer, and, approaching him, I said :—

"Are you the mate ?"

"No," he answered, leisurely bringing his eyes down from aloft, and fastening them upon me. "I am neither the mate, nor the man that cooks the mate."

"Who are you ?" said I, nettled by his brusque manner.

"Who are *you*, first of all ?" he answered.

"I am a passenger going home in the *Biddy McDougal*."

His manner changed. "I ask your pardon," said he ; "I took you to be another

gent ; someone I don't want to have nothing more to say to. You're amazingly like him, surely."

"Are you the mate ?" said I.

"No, sir," he replied, "I am the captain."

I eyed him steadfastly, and then looked round the deck, scarcely knowing as yet but that I had taken my passage aboard a ship full of lunatics.

"The captain ?" I cried.

"Ay," he answered, with an emphatic nod, "Captain Parfitt."

"Pray, how many captains does this ship carry ?" said I, again looking round the deck in search of any signs of old Captain Punch.

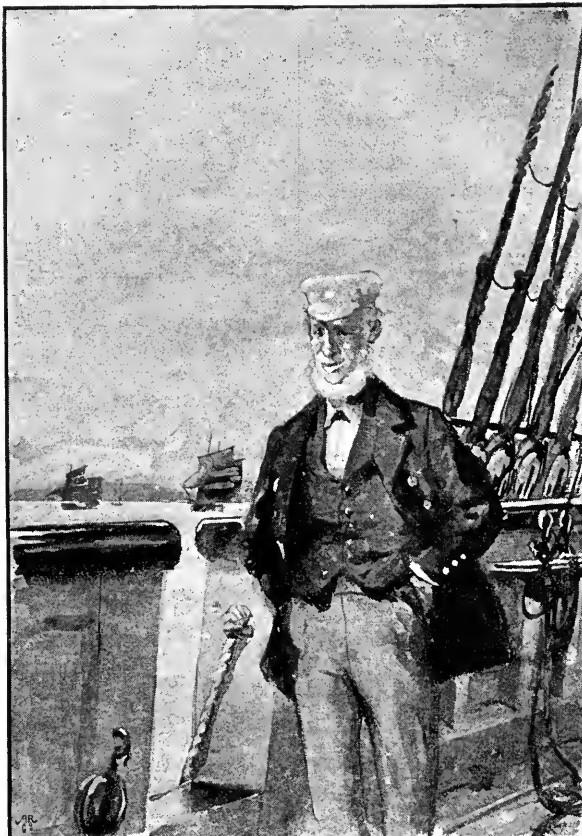
"One only," said he, "and I'm that man."

"I have been aboard this vessel three times," said I, "and on each occasion have met with a new captain. The first time it was Captain Wilson — there he is," I exclaimed, pointing to the forecastle where the man Wilson who had called himself the master now stood looking towards me, and plainly visible. "Next it was Captain Timothy Punch,

a gouty, red-faced man, who sat helpless in a chair on this quarter-deck. And now it is you."

A sour smile curled the man's lips.

"They haven't been quite above-board with you, sir," said he. "The long and short of it's this : Cap'n Punch was in charge during the outward voyage right enough ; but he was took very bad with gout a month afore Rangoon was reached, and the command of the vessel was given



"A MAN STOOD NEAR THE GANGWAY."

to his chief mate, that there gent as you see for'rads. The ship was to sail home in charge of Mr. Wilson; but the port authorities says 'No; Mr. Wilson don't hold a certificate as master.' The ship couldn't be cleared till a proper master was had. I was asked to navigate the vessel home, and here I am. So ye may take it from me that I'm captain and nobody else."

"Well," said I, "if there's truth in the saying that there's safety in numbers, the passage should be comfortable and speedy," and with that I went below to look after my traps.

The ship sailed an hour later, but it was not until dinner time that I saw what we were to expect more or less throughout the whole of the long run to England. We were then at sea, the high sun burning over our masthead, a hot breeze blowing over the quarter, and the ship thrusting along under full breasts of canvas and wide overhanging wings of studding-sail. A bell rang to announce dinner, and I quitted the quarter-deck for the cabin. On entering I found Mr. Wilson seated at the head of the table. Captain Parfitt followed me below, and instantly exclaimed to Mr. Wilson :

"That's my place. You must clear out of that chair, please."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Wilson. "I am master of this ship by orders of her lawful captain. You are an interloper."

Captain Parfitt turned pale and breathed short.

"I am captain of this ship," said he, "and you are her chief mate. You will go on deck, if you please, and keep a lookout whilst I eat my dinner."

Mr. Wilson did not offer to move; merely eyed Captain Parfitt with his extraordinarily stern face. Captain Parfitt clenched his fists.

"Gentlemen," said I, "there must be some remedy for this."

"So there is, by God!" roared Parfitt. "It's mutiny. If ye ain't out of that chair in a jiffy I'll clap ye in irons."

"*You?*" shouted Mr. Wilson, half springing from his seat.

At this moment the door of one of the after cabins was opened, and two stout sailors appeared, bearing the immense shape of Captain Punch in a chair, to which poles had been lashed.

"Is dinner ready?" he called out.



"IS DINNER READY?" HE CALLED OUT.

"Your chief mate is a mutineer. He refuses to obey my orders," cried Captain Parfitt.

"Up ye get, Wilson ; that's my seat," said Captain Punch, taking no notice of Parfitt.

Mr. Wilson at once made way, and the two sailors, broadly grinning, with much pushing and shoving, hove, or rather prized old Punch into the chair of honour. Mr. Wilson swiftly seated himself at the foot of the table.

"Sit ye down, sir ; sit ye down," cried old Punch to me. "Who's got the lookout on deck ?"

"The ship's watching herself," sulkily growled Captain Parfitt.

"Hadn't ye better go up and look after her ?" said Punch to Parfitt.

"What am I to understand ?" shouted Parfitt.

"Why this," interrupted Captain Punch, "that this is a ship as could very well ha' found her way home without ye. You wasn't wanted ; but since ye've made up your mind to come, why, durn my eyes, ye'll have to take things as ye find 'em. Mr. Wilson's the captain-helect by my authority, and whilst I've got lungs to blow a breath of air out with I'm the gorrampoty of the *Biddy McDougal*. Understand that."

Without answering a word Captain Parfitt flung his cap down upon the locker and took his seat at the table abreast of me. On this Captain Punch bade Mr. Wilson tell the ship's carpenter—who it seems acted as second mate—to keep a lookout until he was relieved from the cabin.

"Seeing that I have paid for my passage aboard this ship, and that it is highly desirable, absolutely essential in a word, that I should have some head to refer to, some person in supreme authority to complain to and to appeal to in case of discomfort or difficulty, I should be glad to know, gentlemen, which of you I am to consider as captain of the *Biddy McDougal* ?" said I, hoping by this stilted but nevertheless resolutely uttered address to clear the air somewhat and do some good.

"I am captain," said Punch, with his mouth full of beef.

"Yes, and I am in charge," said Captain Parfitt.

"You mean, I am in charge," cried Mr. Wilson.

"I am captain of this ship, and the supreme head, sir," cried Punch, address-

ing me, "but Mr. Wilson represents me whilst I'm off duty through illness, and so long as he represents me he is master helect, as I afore said, and there's no man aboard this ship who's going to say contrary."

"Yes, there is," said Captain Parfitt ; "but I don't mean to waste no words on either of ye. You know where my authority comes from. I'm master of the *Biddy McDougal* till I've berthed her in the dock she's bound to, and if this here mate of yours interferes with me I'll log him for mutiny, break him, and send him forrads, as ye both know I've got the power to do. And if that don't answer—" he interrupted himself by exclaiming : "But I don't want no words," and so saying he rose, having eaten little or nothing, and went on deck.

Well, as may be supposed, this was but the first of a long series of uncomfortable quarrels. I cannot positively say that Captain Parfitt did not log Mr. Wilson for mutiny, and order him forward into the forecastle to work before the mast. This I cannot say, but it is certain that Mr. Wilson did not go forward ; on the contrary, he remained very much aft, giving instructions without regard to Captain Parfitt's orders, and acting in all ways as though he, and he alone, were master of the vessel.

That very same day, I remember—I mean that day on which the quarrel at the table happened—Mr. Wilson came on deck whilst Captain Parfitt was pacing the weather side, keeping a look-out, and with an air of aggression stared into the compass, then looked aloft, also very aggressively, and then sent his eyes round the sea-line, making a motion with his head that was offensive with its suggestion of criticism. Presently, taking his stand abreast of the mizenmast to leeward, he asked the man at the wheel how the ship's head was. The fellow replied.

"Let her come to three-quarters of a point," called out Mr. Wilson ; "and, Captain Parfitt, you will be so good as to trim sail."

"Keep her as she goes !" roared Parfitt.

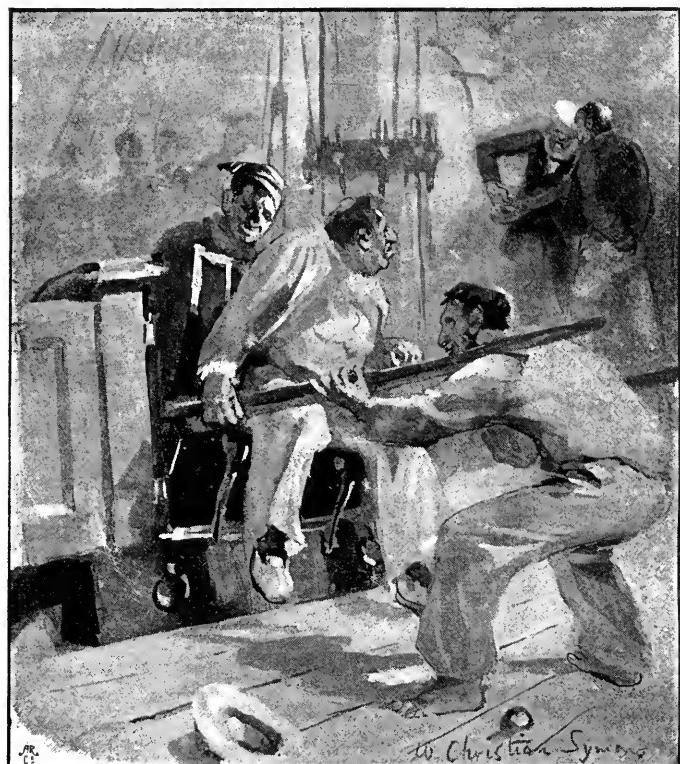
"You are making too much westing," exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Leave the deck, sir," bawled Parfitt.

"By what chart are you sailing, I should like to know ?" sneered Mr. Wilson. "Why damme, man, we aren't bound to Madras."

An angry quarrel followed, a mere affray

of words indeed, but it was hard to guess at what instant the blow would not come, with a long and shameful scuffle on top of it. The sailors forward stood staring aft, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle of the two men gesticulating and bawling at each other. Presently, up through the hatch came Captain Punch, borne by a brace of



"UP THROUGH THE HATCH CAME CAPTAIN PUNCH."

sailors, who struggled up the steep companion steps with purple faces, panting and blowing, whilst Punch sat holding on tightly and cursing the builder of the ship for constructing a companion-way that gave a man no room to turn in.

"What is it all about?" shouted the old fellow, as his bearers dumped him down upon the deck.

"The ship's being headed for Madras," cried Mr. Wilson, with a contemptuous laugh.

"He's a liar, and he knows he's a liar," said Parfitt.

"You're making too westerly a course to suit me," exclaimed Captain Punch, and he ordered the man at the wheel to shift the helm by a spoke or two.

"D'ye suppose," cried Captain Parfitt, approaching Captain Punch close, and snorting his words into the old seaman's jolly, round, brick-red face, "that I've taken charge of this sugar-box to larn navigation from you?"

"I ain't deaf—keep your distance," responded Captain Punch. "This sugar-box is going to get home, and I don't mean to let you put her ashore betwixt this and the London Docks, and so I tell 'ee. I've heard of navigators, you must know, whose reckoning by account has landed them by four degrees of longitude inland —same thing may happen with some folks' sextants. My course is your course, and you'll please to stick to it."

"There's not even yet southing enough," said Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, there is," cried Captain Punch; "*you* don't want to teach me navigation, do 'ee?"

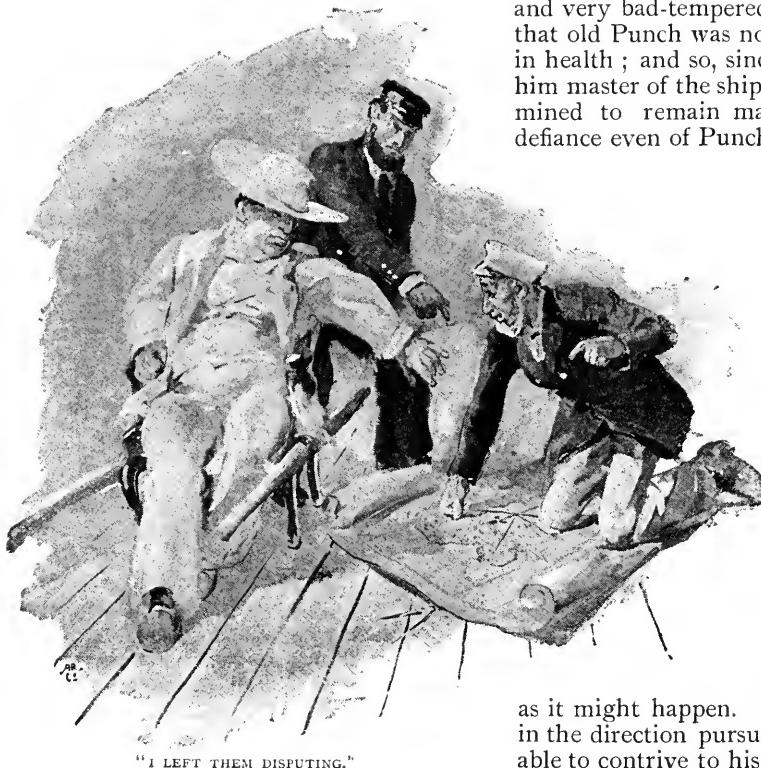
Captain Parfitt rushed into the cabin and returned with a chart, which he laid open on the deck at Captain Punch's feet. He then went down on his knees and indicated the course with a square thumb, occasionally pounding the chart with his fist until the deck echoed again to the blows, whenever Captain

Punch laughed or shook his head or uttered any observation that was distasteful to Captain Parfitt.

I left them disputing, and walked some distance forward to smoke a pipe. After a while Captain Parfitt left the deck, taking his chart below with him, and somewhat later Captain Punch was borne into the cabin by the two sailors. When Mr. Wilson found himself alone he stepped over to the wheel, and I guessed by the twirl which the man at the helm gave the spokes that Mr. Wilson had shifted the course.

This, indeed, proved the case. Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed when Captain Punch's servant arrived on deck and called out to Mr. Wilson:

"The capt'n's orders are that the ship is



"I LEFT THEM DISPUTING."

to be brought to the course which she was steering when he was carried below."

"My compliments to Captain Punch," answered Mr. Wilson, "and tell him that he has given me charge of this vessel, and that I'm not going to learn navigation at my time of life from any man alive, be his name Parfitt, or be his name Punch, or be his name Judy, by thunder!"

This insolent speech reached the ears of Captain Punch, who was below in the cabin under the skylight, which lay wide open. The roar that followed was that of a bull. It was by no means inarticulate, however. The sea-words the old fellow employed were so much to the purpose that Mr. Wilson, going to the skylight, cried down : "It's all right, sir, it's all right, don't excite yourself," and he then audibly directed the man at the wheel to bring the ship to the course commanded by Captain Punch.

I was astonished to find Mr. Wilson acting in opposition to Captain Punch. He had shipped as Punch's first mate, and Punch was indisputably his chief, however Parfitt might have stood in this complicated business. But I speedily discovered that Mr. Wilson was an extraordinarily conceited

and very bad-tempered man. He guessed that old Punch was not going to improve in health ; and so, since Punch had made him master of the ship, he was clearly determined to remain master at all costs, in defiance even of Punch himself.

All three men had notions of their own as to the courses to be steered. One was always something to the eastward or something to the southward of the others. Captain Punch had a tell-tale compass in his cabin, and when he was too ill with the gout to be carried on deck he would send his servant to the man at the wheel with instructions to luff or to let her go off

as it might happen. But these alterations in the direction pursued by the ship he was able to contrive to his own satisfaction only when the carpenter happened to have the watch, for if an order came from Punch when Captain Parfitt or Mr. Wilson was on deck it was instantly countermanded, with the result that when the captains met in the cabin they would quarrel wildly for an hour at a time, threatening one another with the law, sneering at one another's experiences, often clenching fists ; indeed, and on more than one occasion, very nearly coming to blows.

The frequent changing of the ship's course, together with the incessant interference of these men one with another, considerably delayed our passage, and there were times when I would think that we should never double the Cape of Good Hope at all ; but that, on the contrary, the three captains would quarrel themselves out of all perception of the ship's true reckoning, and end either in putting the vessel ashore, or in sending a boat to land on the first bit of coast they might sight to learn from the natives of the place where we were. Often, as I could observe, they differed merely to spite one another. For instance, Captain Parfitt, on quitting the deck, would leave the ship under all plain sail, royals set, and tacks boarded ; but

Wilson, who kept watch and watch with the ship's carpenter (acting, in this respect, as chief mate, though the moment he arrived on deck he asserted himself as captain, took command, and carried out his own ideas of steering and of carrying sail, and the like, without the least regard to the views and instructions of Punch and Parfitt)—Wilson, I say, on relieving the deck after Parfitt had gone below, would look up at the sails, and then round upon the sea, as though studying the weather, then coolly sing out orders to clew up this and haul down that, paying not the least regard to the wishes of Parfitt, who, on hearing the men crying out at the ropes, would rush on deck and ask Wilson what he meant by shortening sail in the face of a high barometer; whilst through the skylight you might hear the voice of Captain Punch roaring out to know what sail the ship was carrying, and what that fellow Wilson meant by altering the course by three-quarters of a point.

We were to call at Capetown, and I had made up my mind, if heaven ever permitted us to cast anchor in Table Bay, to go ashore and represent the state of the ship to those who might be empowered to deal with the three captains; though I would sometimes think that it was doubtful whether there was any remedy within the reach of the authorities to apply, for it was certain that Punch was still in command of the ship, and next that, being in command, he had a right to entrust the charge of the vessel to the chief mate whilst he was confined below by illness, so that, despite the Rangoon authorities, Parfitt had no official representation on board, had no claim upon the obedience of Mr. Wilson, and could achieve no end by logging him or by threatening. Indeed, Parfitt seemed to have guessed as much, for often as he talked of "breaking" the mate, as he called Wilson, and sending him forward, I do not think that he ever attempted to do so, though repeatedly and sarcastically invited to the attempt by both Captain Punch and Wilson himself.

It came at last to pass that on a certain day we were *supposed* to be off the Cape of Good Hope. We were then exactly two months and three weeks out from Rangoon; that is to say, we had occupied eleven weeks in measuring the Indian and the Southern Oceans down to that part of the sea where we were supposed to be. I say *supposed*, not, as you may conclude, because the three captains, as I call them, had lost all

reckoning and knew no longer where the ship was, but because the weather had been so thick for no less a period than ten days that never once was the sun, the moon, or a star to be seen, and the position, therefore, of the *Biddy McDougal* was wholly calculated by what is termed dead reckoning.

Dead reckoning means briefly the finding out of the speed of a ship through the water per hour by means of a contrivance called the reel log. When the speed is ascertained it is entered in the log book. Allowance is then made for what is called lee-way, if any lee-way exist, and the sum of the speed, together with the courses which may have been steered, enables the mariner to mark down upon his chart with more or less accuracy the points of latitude or longitude at which his ship has arrived.

The three captains were agreed in their dead reckoning. They could find no cause for a quarrel in the indication of the reel log. The allowance for lee-way was assented to and the courses steered were admitted, but, unhappily, the three captains had been at loggerheads over the reckoning before the thick weather came on. Captain Punch had made the ship's situation a degree or two more southerly than Mr. Wilson found it. Wilson's longitude was several leagues to the eastward of Captain Parfitt's. Hence, when the day arrived which, according to Parfitt's reckoning, should show the ship to the westwards of Agulhas, the arguments and quarrels were incessant, because Wilson swore that the ship's longitude was at least sixty miles east of that Cape, whilst Punch, on the other hand, persisted in maintaining that the latitude was not what Wilson and Parfitt represented, and that the vessel's course, therefore, required more northing.

So matters stood on a dull, heavy, thick day, as well I remember. There was a light breeze off the port bow, and a long ocean swell was sluggishly rolling up from the southward. I do not recollect that the lead was hove. Every man of the three skippers was cocksure of the ship's position on his own account, but I do not say that any one of them ever once ordered a cast of the lead to be taken. There was nothing to be seen. The sea line was shrouded by vapour to within two or three miles of the vessel. Occasionally there was a rumble of thunder in the south, but no lightning.

Thus it remained throughout the day, and throughout the day the three captains did nothing but alter one another's direc-

tions to the man at the wheel. All day long Captain Punch was in a towering passion. He said that he knew the ship's whereabouts as surely as though Table Bay lay open before him, that Parfitt was out by leagues, and Wilson utterly wrong, that both men might thank God that he was too much afflicted to occupy his proper post on deck in such damp and filthy weather, or—and here he would shake his immense gouty fist at the skylight and bid his servant step on deck and ascertain how the ship's head was, and then on learning that the course which he had ordered Parfitt and Wilson to steer had been changed by one or the other of them he would roar out like a bull, using many strong and terrible words, once even going to the length of threatening to take Captain Parfitt's life if he interfered with his orders to the helmsman.

When I went to bed that night I was unable to sleep for some time owing to the argument which the three captains were holding in their cabin. I could hear such exclamations as, "My life's as precious to me as yours is to you"; "North-east, d'ye say! Good angels! And yet they granted ye a certificate?" "If the chronometers are out that's not my fault, but if my calculations wasn't within a second of the right spot afore this blooming muck drawed up and hid the sky I'll give up, own that I'm no sailor man, and I'll call ye both my masters."

To such stuff as this I lay listening; then I heard some sailors come below to cart old Captain Punch away to bed. There was an interval of agreeable silence and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by an uproar on deck, by the shouts of men, the bawling of Captain Punch in his cabin, by a hurry of footsteps and a sullen flapping of canvas. The ship lay over at a sharp angle; I believed at first that a heavy squall had burst upon her and heeled her down, but she lay perfectly motionless, with a singular noise of creaking threading the above-board clamour and a frequent, dull, thunderous thump as of water striking her.

In a moment I realised that the ship was ashore!

I partially clothed myself in a few minutes, rushed out, and with great difficulty, so acute was the angle of the ship's deck, reached the companion steps. All was in darkness. I put out my hands and touched a figure, and now grew sensible of somebody just in front of me panting heavily, and from time to time groaning. It was Captain Punch, in whom the agony and helplessness of the gout had been temporarily conquered by wrath and terror. He reached the deck unaided and fell a-roaring. There was little to be seen. Here and there a man held a lantern, but the light was feeble and the illumination merely confused the sight. The ship lay over with her broadside to the sea; the dark heave of swell burst against the bilge and recoiled in milk that flung a dim sheen upon the atmosphere of the night, making the quietly flapping sails glance out. It was very thick; there was nothing of the land to be seen. The carpenter was sounding over the side, and I heard him bawl out the depth, but there was no depth. The *Biddy McDougal* was hard and fast upon



"IT WAS CAPTAIN PUNCH."

the African strand, with Parfitt and Wilson yelling out contradictory orders, and Punch bawling to his men to obey *him* and nobody else.

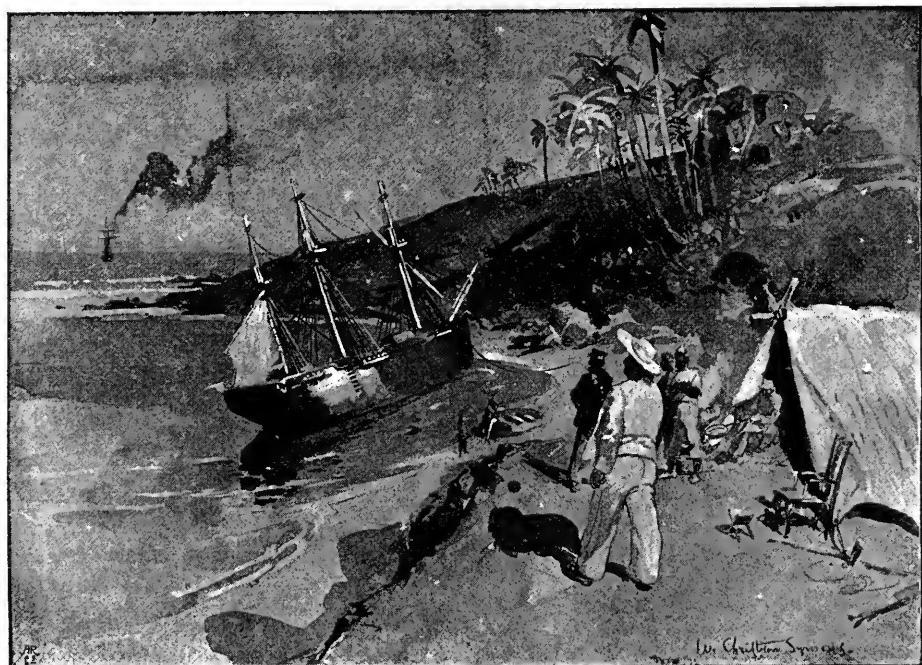
Just before daylight the weather cleared ; dawn disclosed the high coast along our starboard beam, and I gathered from the tempestuous discourse of the three captains that we had gone ashore somewhere near Cape Hanglip and Sandown Bay, proving that though Captain Parfitt's calculations had come nearest the truth, all three men had been heavily out in their reckoning.

Scarcely had the sun risen when a gun-boat hove in sight, bound from the eastwards to Simon's Town. She sighted our ship ashore, and sent boats. I was heartily glad to get aboard of her. Captain Parfitt and five of the crew also went aboard ; but old Punch declined to leave the neighbourhood of the vessel. He said that there was no immediate danger, that he would go ashore, and make shift under canvas until assistance should be sent from Capetown. Wilson remained with him.

The ship was ultimately got off, and navigated to England by Wilson with Captain Punch in the cabin ; but by *that* time

I had received my luggage from the hold of the *Biddy McDougal*, had transferred it to another vessel, and was abreast of Ascension on my way to England.

I find something heroic in the fancy of Punch's gout-ridden shape camping it out abreast of the stranded vessel, whose situation he wholly though improperly attributed to Parfitt's ignorance as a navigator. So far as passengers are concerned, perhaps there is no great matter of a moral to be gathered from this brief narrative ; yet, even in these advanced seafaring times, ships may be found at sea with more than one commander, though one only has any claim to the title. Will any shipmaster tell me that amongst his passengers he does not occasionally meet with a nautical man—sometimes a yachtsman, and sometimes a naval officer—who has the highest possible opinion of his own judgment, and who will lose no opportunity of giving his opinion, and vexing the soul of the legitimate skipper by impertinent criticism, by offers of help, and by downright counsel ? "Intending" passengers will do well sometimes, perhaps, to inquire before embarking how many captains are going in charge of the ship.



W. CHRISTIAN SMITH.

Tennyson's Early Days.



ALFRED TENNYSON, AGE 22.

LS it fair to attribute to certain persons and particular scenes the inspiration of a poet's masterpiece? Some say such a course is very unfair, as it makes the poet a photographer instead of an artist. But, while an undue insistence on the principle is not permissible, it is surely not unfair to connect scenes once familiar to the eyes of a poet with the products of his brain; or to identify in the characters he portrays persons with whom he may have been familiar.

That Lord Tennyson is at present the centre of so much interest to the generation is a happy augury for the perpetuation of his fame. Within the last twelve months more than one

volume has appeared in which the scenes surrounding him in early life, and personages with whom he was early acquainted, have been dilated upon and illustrated with more or less fulness and accuracy. All this shows conclusively that



"LOCKSLEY HALL."



BAG ENDERBY CHURCH.

our Laureate has a firm hold of the reading public, and is an evidence that references to the poet's early years are of great interest to his admirers. That we are not mistaken in attributing to those times the inspiration of his finished productions, is admitted by the Laureate himself.

In Mr. Jennings' "Biographical Sketch," Lord Tennyson is quoted as follows:—

"There was a period in my life, when, as an artist—Turner, for instance—takes rough sketches of landscape, &c., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature."

But, without doubt, some writers have been too ready to point to this or that local scene, or to particular individuals. Such definite identification precludes claim to any degree of authority. The Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, an old friend of the Laureate's, and who officiated at the poet's marriage, wrote in *Macmillan*, something like twenty years ago:—

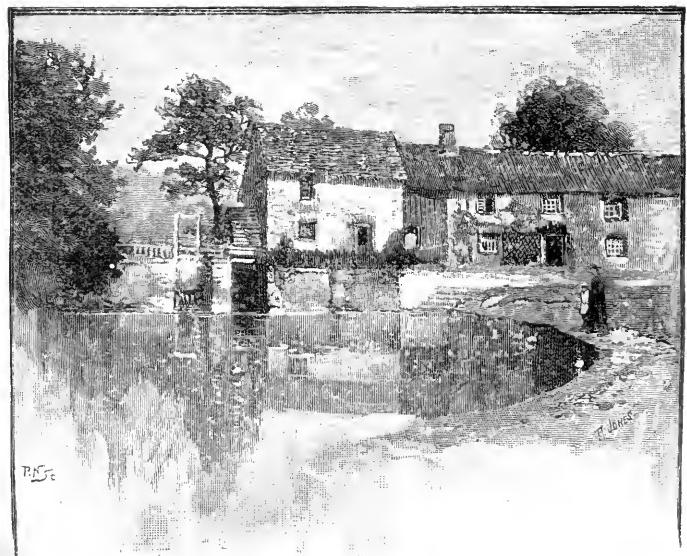
"As a Lincolnshire man and long familiar with the district in which Mr. Tennyson was born, I

have often been struck with the many illustrations of our county's scenery and character to be found in his poems. What Wordsworth has done for the English Lakes and Scott for the Highlands, our poet has done for homelier scenes of his boyhood and early manhood in Mid Lincolnshire. They live for us in his pages, depicted with all the truth and accuracy of a photograph."

The identity of "Locksley Hall" has been fought over by the champions of various country houses. Local tradition, however, says that in an old house near the Lincolnshire coast, the Laureate wrote the first "Locksley Hall." Here is an interesting item which does not reflect upon the poet's creative genius. The tradition

has never been repudiated, although its existence is known to the Laureate's family. A sketch of the old house as it was seventy years ago is here given. Parts of the old edifice still remain, showing evidences of great age and an old-fashioned manner of construction. A large tract of land is now reclaimed between the house and the North Sea, but the tide formerly flowed to within a few yards of the door of the house.

One who has recently passed away used garrulously to tell of the poet visiting



STOCKWORTH MILL.

Mablethorpe as a young fellow, and how he would spend whole nights on the shore, and wander as far as Donna Nook, without sufficient care to prevent immersion by incoming tides. These protracted absences sometimes provoked anxiety, and search parties were sent out.

Above is a portrait of the Laureate in his youth. The original engraving by J. C. Armytage, from a crayon drawing by Samuel Lawrence, was first published in R. H. Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*. The villagers of Somersby and neighbourhood recognise in it a likeness to Dr. Tennyson, the poet's father.

Numbers of pilgrims have put on record their impressions of the neighbourhood where the Laureate first saw the light. The church of Bag Enderby, one of the livings held by Dr. Tennyson, is a quaint structure. The exterior is given on page 384.

Votaries of "the localising craze" say that Stockworth Mill was the home of "The Miller's Daughter." See the mill, page 384.

S o m e r s b y should be seen during each of the various seasons of the year in order to come into close sympathy with the moods of various local references in the poems. The last time we were there was early in February, when Holywell Glen was sheeted in snowdrops. Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie says, "Lord Tennyson sometimes speaks of this glen." The same writer gives us a glimpse of the happy "circle" referred to in lxxxix., "In Memoriam":—

"Dean Garden was one of those friends sometimes spoken of who, with Ar-

thur Hallam, the reader of the Tuscan poets, and James Spedding and others, used to gather upon the lawn at Somersby—the young men and women in the light of their youth and high spirits, the widowed mother leading her quiet life within the rectory walls."

Old retainers of the Tennyson family still survive. Here is the portrait of an old dame who now sits in her chimney-corner and says, "Poet or no poet, I carried him on my back when he was a baby." This is the old servant, to whom the Laureate wrote so pleasantly in response to her congratulations on his becoming a peer. She remembers Arthur Hallam visiting the Rectory, and the distress occasioned there on the receipt of the news of his death. Although quite blind, the old lady is sprightly and cheerful, notwithstanding her extremely humble circumstances.

Another resident in the neighbourhood remembers being in service at Somersby Rectory—"a vast o' years sin," she says.

She tells us that "Master Alfred" always had a book in his hand, and that he once gave her two volumes of his poems. She does not remember the Laureate's brothers writing poetry, but "*Arthur learned it after.*" This worthy dame remembers Dr. Tennyson as a good preacher. She has occupied her present snug cottage more than half a century. The few shillings she receives weekly is but a meagre subsistence, but she says, "I hate to be in the g r u m b l i n g club."

Visitors to the locality may expect to encounter this retired

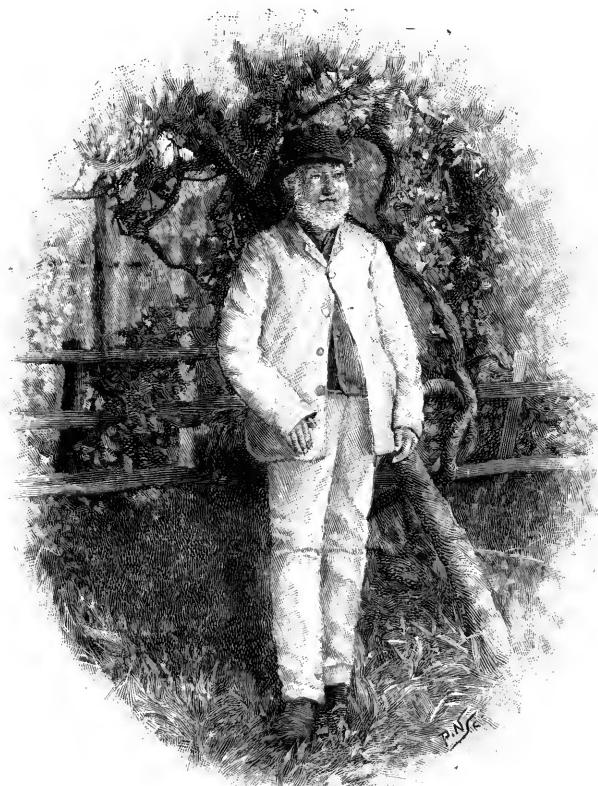


TENNYSON'S NURSE.

village pedagogue. He boasts of having coached Charles and Alfred Tennyson in arithmetic, when they were preparing for the University. It will interest some to know that the text-book used was "Wallingham's Tutor's Assistant." This old

gentleman is now eighty-five, but is still able to earn a maintenance by land surveying.

These members of a passing generation are interesting links between the days of the Laureate's youth and those of the ripened evidence of his genius.



TENNYSON'S SCHOOLMASTER.

Laying a Ghost.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

NT is of no use for you to talk, Mary," I said, quite angrily ; "a professional man has no right to sit still taking his patients' fees without constantly striving after higher knowledge for their benefit."

"Of course not, dear," said my wife, gently—by the way, she always does speak gently—"but you study too much."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, dear, but you do. Your forehead is growing full of lines, and your hair is turning quite grey."

"All the better. People do not like young-looking doctors."

"But you do work too hard, dear."

"Absurd! I feel as if I must be a mere idler, Mary; and at a time, too, when it seems as if medicine was quite at a stand. Surgery has made wonderful strides, but the physician is nowhere."

"What nonsense, dear, when everybody says that you are the cleverest doctor for fifty miles round; and at such times I feel as if I could kiss the person who said so."

"Everybody is a goose; and, goose or no, don't you let me catch you kissing them. There, be off, little one, and let me get on with my work."

"Work, work, always work," she said, with a pretty pout of the lips which invited what they received, with the result that my happy young wife went out smiling while I sat down to think.

I was young and very enthusiastic in those days. Rather vain, too,

and disposed to look down upon what I called the "old fogies of the profession." I meant to make great discoveries in medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity, and for my own benefit too, I'm afraid. Consequently—I confess it—I was a dangerous kind of doctor, and always itching to try experiments.

At the time of which I am speaking, I was mad upon a new remedy which I believed I had discovered for the nervous state consequent upon the failure of the digestive powers in people of middle age; and it was upon this remedy that I now sat down to think in my little consulting-room and dispensary combined.

I had been pondering over the subject then for months, and the more I thought the more convinced I was that my remedy would work wonders, but for want of test cases I was completely in the dark. I had got so far, though, that I had given myself full confidence in the correctness of my deductions; all I wanted was trial—experiment on the vile body of man, so as to make sure.



"MY HAPPY YOUNG WIFE WENT OUT SMILING."

"How to proceed?" I said to myself, as I sat amongst my bottles and drugs, tapping the table with my finger nails—"how to proceed? I must try it upon a patient, but it is not fair or just to try experiments upon one who confides in you. Suppose my ideas are wrong—suppose it is a fallacy?"

These thoughts troubled me so that I grew feverish, and my head burned.

Jumping up from my chair, I took a clean tumbler from a shelf, half filled it from a seltzogene which stood on the table, tossed off the sparkling water, put back the tumbler and resumed my seat, feeling decidedly better and clearer.

"How to proceed?" I said again. "I cannot, I must not try it upon a patient. It would not be just. Upon whom, then? Mary!"

"Perish the thought!" I cried dramatically. "To deceive her would be ten times worse."

"But I might tell her first. She would take it—bless her!—if I told her."

"No—no—no—no!" I cried; and then, half aloud, "If the experiment must be tried, and you have so much faith in it, try it upon yourself, like a man!"

I sprang up once more with all kinds of unpleasant notions beginning to haunt me. Suppose the dose failed—suppose it proved fatal—suppose I were suddenly called away without having time to explain to a brother medical man what I had taken.

"Why, they would bring it in suicide, and my wife would be a widow," I exclaimed with a chill of horror seeming to make my blood run sluggishly through my veins.

But this was momentary. I recovered my strength of mind directly, and, unlocking my desk, I took out a bottle containing a white powder, which I shook and held up to the light.

"I'll try one drachm first," I said. "Too much. No: it would be absurd to trifl with it. How can I get a satisfactory result if I do not proceed boldly with my test? Am I going to play the coward after all?"

I went to the shelf where the bottles stood, and took down the one labelled Sp. Vin., having determined to combine a stimulant with the drug, which would, I knew, from former experience, dissolve in spirit, but, to my chagrin, the bottle was completely empty.

"Brandy will do," I said to myself; and, after replacing the bottle, I went out and into the dining-room to fetch one of the



A BOTTLE CONTAINING A WHITE POWDER.

three from the spirit stand, but found that its contents were confined to about a wine-glassful. "That would be enough," I thought, and going back into my consulting room, I set the little decanter down, removed the stopper, and my hand trembled a little as I poured in the white powder, a mere pinch, but full of potency.

"You *are* a coward," I said to myself contemptuously. "You would have given that to a patient without a qualm, but you are all on the shiver because you are going to take it yourself."

And myself seemed to answer, as if I then led a dual existence.

"I am no coward," it said half aloud. "For the benefit of medical science I am going to take that drug as soon as it is dissolved; and if it destroys my life, I have died in a great cause as bravely as any soldier who ever faced the deadly breach."

As I spoke I replaced the stopper, crumpled up the paper, and threw it in the waste basket. I then shook up the brandy, which looked turbid at first, but rapidly began to clear, as I set it down, took paper and pen, and was about to write a few lines to my wife telling her what I had done, and why, lest in the case of accident I might be

supposed to have committed suicide ; but I had only just written down the date when I heard a ring, and directly after there was a tap at the door, and our servant ushered in a patient.

I motioned him to a seat, and in the rapid look which a doctor gives to his visitors, formed my own impressions as to his ailments, the gorged veins of the eyes, the flushed face, the pimpled and reddened nose, telling their own tale—a story confirmed by the trembling of his hands as he removed his gloves.

"Morning, doctor," he said ; "I'm very bad. I want you to overhaul me, and see if you can set me right. Can't eat—no appetite—no digestion ; I'm a prey to the horrors—my nerves are absolutely shattered, and life has become such a burden that if I don't soon mend I know I shall make an end of myself. I'm afraid I shall," he continued, getting more and more excited in his speech, and gesticulating as I sat back scanning him intently, and seeing in him the very object for my experiment if I cared to administer my remedy. But honour held me back, and I vowed I would resist the temptation, come what might.

"Be calm," I said, quietly, "and tell me—" but before I could get any farther, he burst out—

"Calm ? Who is to be calm, suffering as I do ! Man, I am haunted. Do what I will, go where I will, I am haunted."

"As all men are," I said quietly, "who persist in flying to the bottle."

"No," he cried fiercely, "not as they are. Do you think I am one of the idiots who see snakes and imps and all kinds of imaginary creatures dancing before their eyes ? I am haunted, I tell you, and it is by a man I know well—I must tell you now—I can't keep it back. We were friends out in Australia—years ago."

"Australia, eh ?" I cried.

"Yes. Do you know Australia ?" he said wonderingly.

"I passed my boyhood and my early man-

hood there," I replied quietly. "I came to England to finish my studies, and settled down. So you are haunted, eh ?"

"Haunted ! Did I say haunted ?" he cried uneasily. "Oh, no : a mere fancy," and he laughed unpleasantly.

"Of course," I said. "My dear sir, as a medical man I must be plain with you. I will give you the best advice, and will help you in any way I can ; but the cure for your complaint is in your own hands. Leave all liquors alone, and you will mend fast. Go on as you are now, drinking heavily, and in six months you will be in your grave."



"DRINK ! YOU THINK I DRINK ?"

He started violently, and grasped the elbows of the chair as he leaned forward, gazing wildly in my face.

"Drink !" he gasped ; "you think I drink —am a drunkard ?"

"I know you drink, sir," I replied quietly. "It is plainly written in your face, and in your trembling hands. I do not say you are a drunkard. Possibly you are never drunk, but you are constantly flying to stimulants, and they are wrecking you hopelessly."

"Don't say hopelessly, doctor," he panted. "I will leave off—I will, indeed, for"—he shuddered—"I dare not die. It is too horrible. But I've been obliged to fly to the brandy to keep myself up."

Haunted, night and day, for years now. Can't you give me something—some tonic—to set me right? Can't you cure me—make me strong?"

"Yes, I think I can, sir," I replied, "if you will obey my directions."

"I will, I will," he cried excitedly. "I won't touch another drop. Now, then, quick; what will you give me?"

"Your chance!" something seemed to whisper to me. "Digestion ruined, nerves shattered, hopeless unless you set him right. The very man for your experiment."

It was a terrible temptation, but I fought against it.

"No," I said to myself, "it would be a cowardly breach of confidence, with an untried medicine; keep to your manly, honest plan."

"Well," he continued, passing his tongue over his dry lips, with the peculiar noise made by a thirsty man, "don't be so long thinking, doctor. I want you to begin. Give me something to make me sleep in peace without jumping up in the dark, bathed in perspiration, with *him* there. I mean, fancying things, you understand. What will you give me? Ah! there it is again!"

He uttered a wild cry, and started from his seat to creep cowering into a corner as a rushing, tearing noise came down the street, accompanied by cries; and as I ran to the window, a cart drawn by a frightened horse tore by, to be followed a few seconds later by a crash, and then the rattle of hoofs as the horse, evidently freed from the cart, galloped on.

"A bad accident," I said. "Come and see."

It was unprofessional, of course, but for

the moment I could think of nothing but the poor creatures who had been in the cart, and who were probably now lying almost close to my door, waiting for surgical help.

My wife, looking white as the proverbial sheet, was already in the passage, speechless, and pointing to the door; and directly after I was superintending the removal of four poor fellows suffering from broken bones, cuts, and contusions, and so busy was I for the next hour with a colleague, that I forgot all about my patient in my consulting room.

"How stupid!" I said, as I went back. "The poor fellow will be gone."

My wife was at the door waiting, and I answered her eager questions by another.

"That gentleman I left, is he still in the consulting-room?"

"Gentleman?" she faltered; "I don't know."

I hurried into the room to find him sitting back in one of the easy-chairs, looking quite calm and contented.

"Ah! doctor," he said; "the accident—anybody much hurt?"

"Yes, poor fellows! two, badly," I replied. "Really, my dear sir, I owe you a thousand apologies, but in such an emergency——"

"Don't name it, doctor; don't name it," he said, smiling. "I know you'll excuse me not coming to help. My nerves are so shattered that I should have been useless. You saw how it startled me; but I'm a little better now. Will you give me a prescription?"

I looked at him curiously.

"Yes," I said, "you seem calmer now; but there is a reason for it. Look

here, sir, a patient must have no secrets from his medical man. There is a cause, sir, for this apparent calmness," and I fixed his eye. "You wish me to cure you?"



"I RAN TO THE WINDOW."

"Yes, yes, doctor," he said, shiftily.

"Then you must keep faith with me," I cried, firmly, "and obey me, or else go to some other medical man."

"No, no, doctor, don't say that," he half whimpered. "I believe in you. I know you are clever. Don't throw me over. I will obey you implicitly."

"Then give me that brandy-flask you have in your pocket."

"No, no, doctor," he cried, "I haven't one—indeed!"

"It is not true, sir. You have partaken of brandy since I left this room."

there, and the brandy. Couldn't be any mistake about them. Capital drop of brandy, doctor, and it did pull me round so well, just as you see."

I sank back in a chair, staring at him wildly.

"He has taken it, after all," I thought. "It must be fate."

I could feel a curious sensation as if bells were ringing in my ears, while I sat blankly looking at him now, wondering what the effect of my experiment would be, till he spoke again apologetically :

"It was the last drop I'll ever take, doctor."

"The truth, may be!" I said to myself; and I began to think of inquests, loss of professional reputation, a dozen troubles of the future which were coined in my busy brain.

What should I do? Give him an antidote at once? Let the drug work its way? Which?

I started up, rang the bell, and hurried to the door, ready to open it as soon as I heard steps, and then, with it held ajar, I said hastily :

"I am out to everybody, and am not to be interrupted on any pretence until I ring."

Then, closing and bolting the door, I hurried back to my seat.

"What—what's the matter, doctor?" said my patient with a startled look. "What are you going to do?"

"Study your case, sir," I said huskily, as I caught hold of his wrist, and then gazed full in his slightly dilated eyes.

"Ah! yes," he said, sinking back drowsily; "do, doctor, do. I'll never touch a drop again, but you'll give me something to take instead. Capital brandy, that. Different to any I get. So soothing."

"Shall I give him something to counter-



"YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN SO MAD AS TO DRINK THE CONTENTS OF THAT?"

"Brandy? brandy?" he stammered. "How—how did you know?"

"How did I know, sir?" I cried, angrily. "Do you think a medical man is a child? By the effect it has had upon you; by the odour. Why, good heavens!" I roared, as my eyes lit upon the little decanter I had left upon the table, "you have never been so mad as to drink the contents of that?"

"D—don't be angry with me, doctor," he faltered, as I stood pointing at the decanter. "I was so unhinged—by that accident—I—I was obliged. I—I wanted a glass of water—anything, but I dared not meddle with any of your bottles—'fraid of poisoning myself. But," he continued, with a peculiar little laugh, "I saw the gazogene

act the effect," I said to myself again, "or let the potion work?"

I sat thinking over the way in which I had studied, and of how confident I had grown in my remedy, even to having been ready to test it on myself, and I could not help resigning myself to the position.

"It is in the cause of science," I thought, "and I can watch the action in another better than I could in my own person. It is an accident. No: it is fate."

It would be impossible to describe my feelings then as I sat watching the wretched object before me. Try and picture them for yourselves. A medical man's position is always painful when he is in doubt as to the result of his remedies in a critical case; but then he is fortified by the feeling that he has done everything in accordance with the precedents set by the wisest of his profession. Then I was face to face with the knowledge that I was trying a desperate experiment, and my patient might be dying before my eyes; in fact, as he sank back with his eyes staring, I felt that he was dying, and I started up to try and get some remedy, but he checked me by his words.

"Ah, it's you!" he said feebly. "I thought *he* had come again. He haunts me; he haunts me. All these years now, and no rest."

Then his face grew very calm; and in a fit of wild desperation I determined to let matters take their course.

For what better opportunity could fate have thrown in my way than bringing me into connection with this miserable creature, half demented by *delirium tremens*, and whose life was not worth a twelve months' purchase?

"It is in the cause of science," I muttered; "and even if his wretched life is sacrificed, it may be for the benefit of thousands. I cannot stop now. I must go on."

It was as if my muttered words had

roused him, for he suddenly caught my hand in his.

"Don't be hard on me, doctor; I was obliged to drink. I've fought against it till I've been nearly mad. You people talk, but you don't know—you don't know. I'm going to take your stuff now, though; and it will make me right, doctor?"

"Yes."

He looked round wildly, and with a strange air of apprehension.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" he whispered.

"Never," I said, for I was obliged to speak.

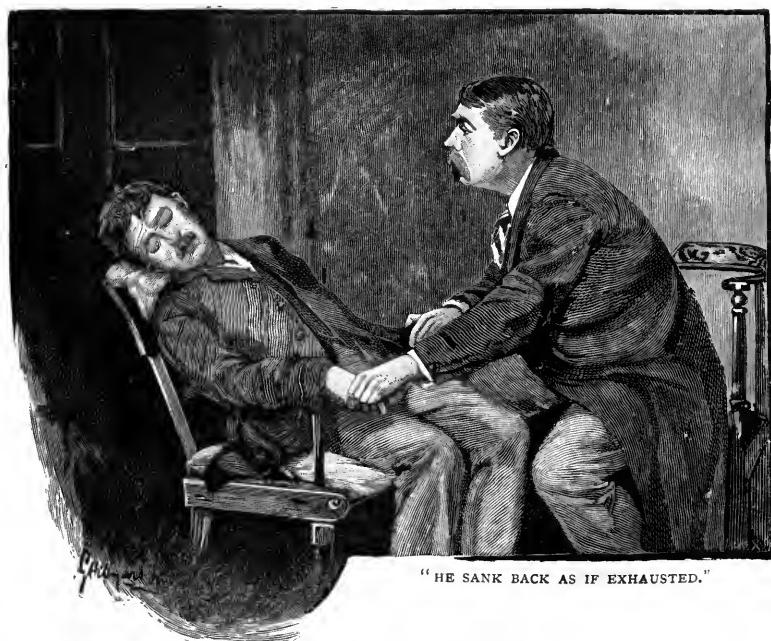
"I have—hundreds of times. He haunts me. It has been for years now, till I could bear it no longer. That's why I've come. If a man's in sound health he doesn't see ghosts, eh?"

"No," I said; "they are the offspring of a diseased imagination."

"Yes; diseased imagination, that's it. Shouldn't see him if I was well, eh?"

"No; it is all fancy."

"Yes, doctor, but it's so horribly real.



"HE SANK BACK AS IF EXHAUSTED."

He comes to me, and goes over it all again and again; and as he talks to me the whole scene in the gully comes back, with our fight."

He sank back as if exhausted, but I was soon able to convince myself that he was only sleeping calmly, and a gentle perspira-

tion broke out on his brow, while his hands felt temperate and moist.

That was hopeful, and I felt more confident as I sat there watching him hour after hour, wondering whether success would attend my remedy, and whether this was the laying of the first stone of a new temple of health. Then as the time went on I grew despondent, and ready to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and which might after all be only the prelude to a deeper sleep.

I heard steps come and go, and knew that my poor little wife must be full of anxiety about me.

"But what is her anxiety to mine?" I muttered; and I still kept watch, noting every change. Now I was buoyed up by hope, and saw triumph—the pinnacle of the mount toward which I tried to climb; now I was sinking in despair, feeling that through my carelessness I was slowly watching a man glide toward the dark gate through which he could never return.

It must have been about seven o'clock, and it was fast growing dusk in my room. I was thinking about the man's wanderings and confused talk about being haunted, and trying to piece together his verbal fragments into a whole, when he suddenly opened his eyes again, and began to talk hurriedly, taking up his theme just where he had left off, and as if in utter ignorance of the fact that he had been silent for hours, during which I had passed through a period of agony such as turns men's hair white.

"Yes, doctor," he said, "no secrets from your medical man. You will not betray me; and it was a fair fight. He brought it on, I swear to that. He made me mad so that I hit out—hardly knowing what I did, and it was not until he had half killed me that I threw him, and he went over the edge, down, down with a horrible crash into the gully. I could see him lying there dead. But it was not murder, eh? It was not murder, doctor?"

"Are these wanderings of a diseased imagination?" I asked myself; and he looked up as sharply as if I had spoken aloud.

"It's all true, doctor," he said. "I threw him down, and he fell, and then I turned and fled, for I knew they would hang me, if I was taken. Doctor," he cried, fiercely, "I wish they had, for I have suffered ten thousand times more agony in these wretched years. Yes: he has always been with me, always. Haunting me day

and night, leering at me, and showing me the whole scene again, till I have drunk, and drunk, and drunk to drown it all—gone on drinking till I am the miserable wretch you see. But you'll cure me now, for it was all fancy. People who are dead don't haunt folks, eh?"

"No, sir," I said, as I watched the strange play on the man's countenance, and began trying to connect his words with a half-forgotten story of outrage in Western Australia years before.

"No," he said, excitedly, "and you'll cure me now. It has all been fancy."

"That you killed—murdered a man in Western Australia?"

"Killed, not murdered," he cried, excitedly; "no, that was no fancy. I mean this constant horror of seeing him night and day."

I forgot my anxiety respecting the action of the drug for some minutes, as I said—my recollection of some such event coming vividly back—

"You don't mean the outrage in the Blue Gum Gully?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared at me wonderingly.

"What—what do you know about the Blue Gum Gully?" he stammered at last.

"I remember hearing about the case."

"Did—did they find him?" he whispered with a ghastly look in his face.

"No: I believe he crawled to a shepherd's hut, and the man fetched a doctor from thirty miles away."

"Too late—too late."

"No: I remember now," I said. "Another surgeon was fetched as well, and they put a silver patch in the man's fractured skull."

"What?" cried my patient. "No; you are telling me that for reasons of your own."

"I am telling you because it is the truth. I saw the man, and the injured head."

"No, no, not the same," he cried. "Who was he? What was his name?"

"Johnson—Brown—Thomson—Smith," I muttered, and he started a little at the last word.

"Yes. I remember now," I cried. "Robert Danesmith."

My patient literally leaped at me, and caught me by the breast, with his eyes starting, his lips quivering, and the veins about his temples standing out.

"Tell me again," he panted. "Swear that it is true."

"There is no need," I said. "How could I have known?"

"No," he said, calming down; "there is

no need," and his hands dropped to his side. "Great heavens! And here have I been living this life of torture, hiding away like a criminal, cursed by the horror of the crime, doubly accursed by the drink I have taken to drown my thoughts of being haunted by that man."

"And all imagination."

"Yes, and all imagination. Doctor, I have done my penance. Something must have brought me here to-day. I don't know what; but I felt that you would cure me."

"More imagination, man," I said.

"No, sir, you are wrong there, for you—have—cured——"

He reeled, and would have fallen, had not I guided him on to the sofa, where he lay insensible for a few minutes while I bathed his face, my own agony of mind returning respecting the action of the potent drug.

At last he opened his eyes, and looked wonderingly about him. Then recollection seemed to return, and he caught my hand in his.

"God bless you, doctor!" he cried, and the tears stood in his eyes. Then, after a pause, during which I watched him keenly, "I'm weak and faint. Give me a glass of something."

"Brandy?" I said bitterly.

He shuddered.

"Never again," he said fervently. "You doctors have something else."

I mixed a little stimulating medicine, which he drank with avidity, and then rose.

"Thank you, doctor," he said, with a faint smile. "You've laid the ghost. There: I think I'll go."

"No," I said, "be still for an hour or

two. I want to watch your case a little longer."

"I am your patient, doctor," he replied, with his whole manner changed; and he lay there till quite late before he left, shaking my hand warmly, and saying that he would come again.

But I could not rest without seeing him to his lodgings, where I stayed till midnight, and then went home more anxious than I can tell.

"A very serious case, darling," I said to my wife, in answer to her queries. "Don't talk to me; I am worn out."

But, weary at heart, I could not sleep for thinking of the preparation this man had taken. I was worried and troubled as to the effect it had produced, and, sooth to say, sanguine as I had been over my discovery, I could trace none. Of course I did not expect to work a cure as by a miracle, still I did expect to have discovered some action on the part of the drug.

The next morning I was with him early, and still I could see nothing consequent upon the swallowing of the involuntary draught. But he was better, far better, and he welcomed me with eagerness.

"Doctor," he said, as I was going away, "no disrespect to you, but there's more in mind than in medicine; you've worked a marvellous cure."

I had; for in a month he was quite another man.

As to my new discovery, I went no farther, and maturer study and greater experience have taught me that I was over sanguine, and by no means so clever as I thought.



"A VERY SERIOUS CASE, DARLING," I SAID.

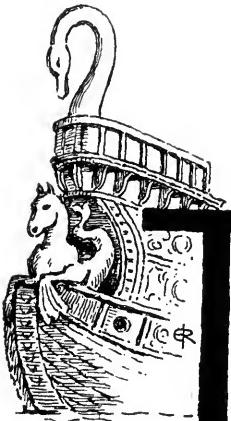


Figure-heads.

TH E FIGURE-HEAD which decorates the prow of a ship is, as that personification of universal knowledge invented by Macaulay, "every schoolboy," knows, an institution of the greatest antiquity, and dates back to the time when men first began to "go down to the sea" and "do business in great waters."

The aforesaid schoolboy, who in the present day is an archaeologist of no mean capacity, is familiar with the aspect of the Greek and Roman war-galleys as represented in marble and bronze remains of ancient times, and he can discourse learnedly about the prora, the rostrum, the gubernaculum, the cheniscus, and other details of the vessels of classic days. But it is with the more modern period that I propose to deal in the following notes.

All visitors to the Naval Exhibition have been struck with admiration at the wonder-

ful display of ships' models which have been collected together at Chelsea. From the magnificent half-model of the *Victoria* in the Armstrong Gallery, more than 30 ft. long, down to the little *Seahorse*, on board of which Nelson served as midshipman in 1771-2, they all give evidence of the gradual development of our navy, and as far as the wooden ships are concerned, to the artistic skill lavished on the decorations of bow, stern and quarters. But with

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SEAHORSE,"
IN WHICH NELSON SERVED AS
MIDSHIPMAN.

the substitution of iron for wood the figure-head gradually lost its importance, and in Her Majesty's ships may now be pronounced almost extinct, the prevailing fashion being to ornament the two sides of the bow in a flat treatment, and to have no projection beyond the cutwater, as in the sketch of the ironclad *Nep tune*.

Mr. Clark Russell says, with reference to the decay of figure-heads, "Whatever the new fashions may be termed, the old ones are yielding to them, and the figurehead proper survives chiefly

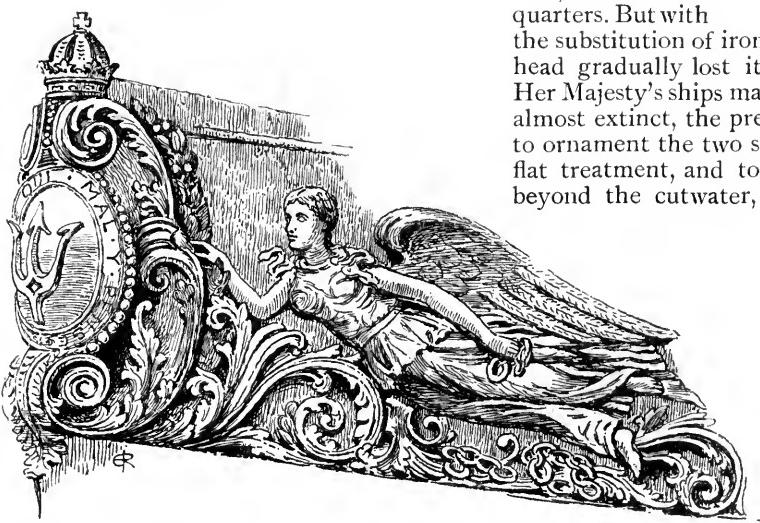


FIGURE-HEAD OF MODERN IRONCLAD. (FROM H.M.S. "NEPTUNE.")

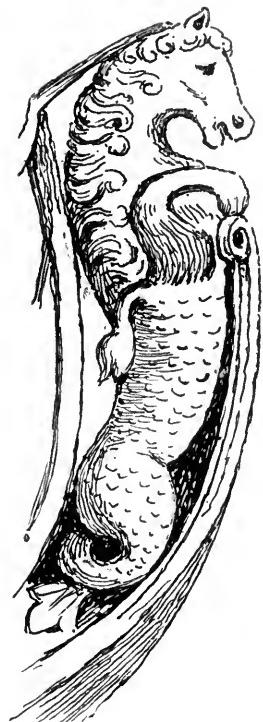




FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "EDINBURGH."

—I will not say only—in ships of a type not likely to be replaced when they go to the bottom, or are sold for ice or coal hulks."

The affection entertained by the old salt for the figure-head of his ship, and which the modern scroll-work, like the *Neptune's*, can scarcely inspire, is well illustrated in the following letter, which my friend Mr. Stacy Marks,

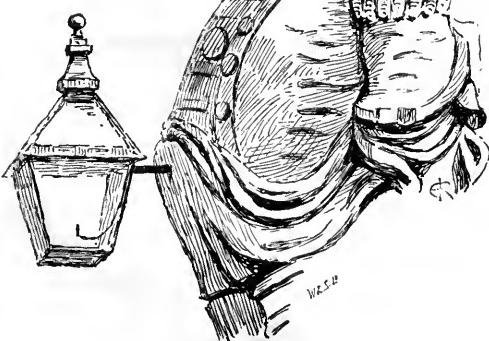


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "COLLINGWOOD."

R.A., has kindly allowed me to make public. Mr. Marks was at Lewes in 1879, the year in which he painted his picture of "Old Friends"—now in the National Gallery of Sydney, the subject being two old Greenwich pensioners in their quaint costume (now, alas! like the figure-heads, a thing of the past)—standing in a ship-breaker's yard, gazing at the effigy which had formerly adorned the stem of their old ship. While at Lewes, Mr. Marks met an old man-of-war's man, and, in the course of conversation, happened to describe his picture, and mentioned that one of the heads introduced was a Highlander. The old man thought the

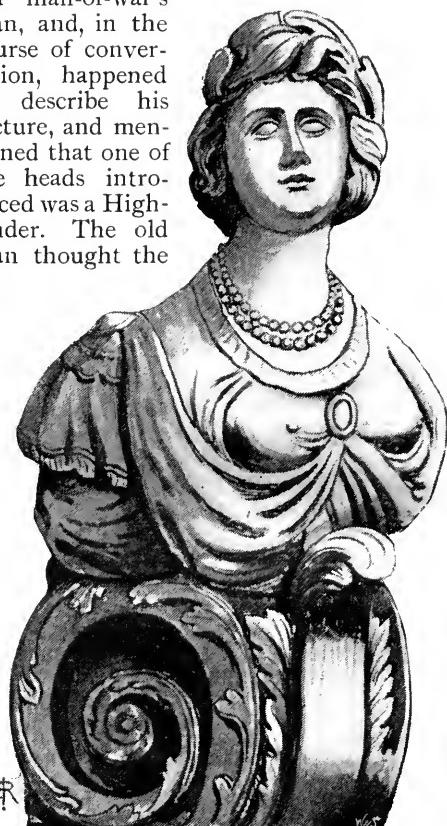


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SHANNON."

Highlander was from his own ship, the *Edinburgh*, and Mr. Marks, on his return home, sent him a copy of a photograph of the painting. The letter was in acknowledgment of the gift:—

Lewes Castle, Oct. 11/79.

SIR,—I am much obliged for sending me the figure-head of my old ship, the *Edinburgh*. Sir i am confident its her head the more i look at it the more i recognise it. She was built in 1812 and i believe she fell into the hands of the ship breaker to break

her up in the Liberal Government's reign.
(Childers to wit)

I am Sir
Your humble servant
JAMES MORGAN.

Sir i will have it
framed and keep in
remembrance of you
and the old ship.—
J. M.

The sketch represents the figure-head as it now stands in Messrs. Castle's yard in the Vauxhall Bridge-road, and it has for neighbours the *Leander* and the *Collingwood*; the latter, it will be noticed, continues his career of usefulness by carrying a gas lamp in an extremely painful position. These vessels were broken up about the year 1866.

One of the most interesting figure-heads in the Naval Exhibition is that of the *Shannon*, whose encounter with the *Chesapeake* off Boston on June 1, 1813, will always be a glorious page in the history of England's Navy. Captain Broke, her commander,

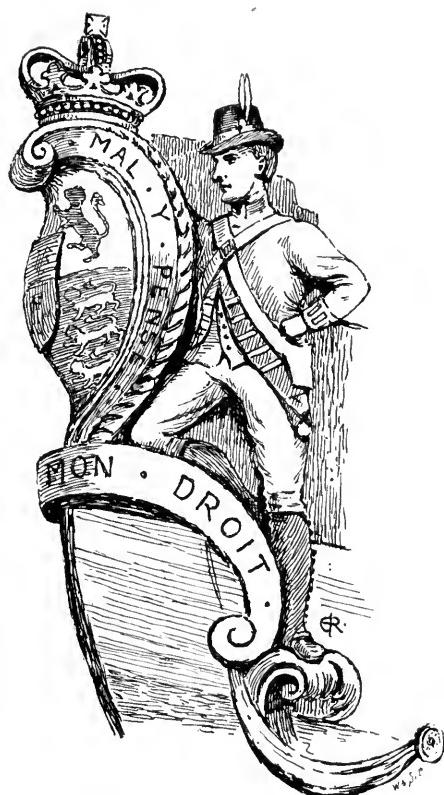


FIGURE HEAD OF THE "VICTORY" AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

who had had his eye on the *Chesapeake* for some time, addressed to Captain Lawrence, of the latter vessel, a letter of challenge, which (to use the words of James's Naval History) "for candour, manly spirit, and gentlemanly style, stands unparalleled." This is one of the passages in the letter:—"As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags." How the fight ended, and how the Bostonians were disappointed in their expectations of seeing the Britisher whipped, is a thrice-told tale, and need not be repeated here. A prophetic bard of the period sang:—

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon ;
The first to do it will be Broke
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*."



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE
"BLACK PRINCE."



FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "AJAX."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie, in his interesting book "Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words in the Days of Oak and Hemp," tells us that, "owing to neglect, and still more, perhaps, to the material—mostly English elm—used by ship carvers, very old figure-heads are not common;" and from my own investigation of the subject, I should say they are practically extinct. There is also great difficulty in locating those that have survived, and this arises partly from the fashion of continuing the names of ships after the original owners of the names have passed away, and also from some of the old ships having several figure-heads, which were changed according to the fancy of the captain or first lieutenant. Nelson's *Victory* had, in fact, four figure-heads at different periods of her

glorious career, and it is believed that it was the third, a shield with a crown over and supported by a sailor on the starboard and a marine on the port side, which she carried at the Battle of Trafalgar. At the present



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BRITANNIA."

day the old ship still has the shield and crown, but the supporters are two gigantic cherubs, and these Turner, with characteristic contempt for accuracy, has represented in his picture of the battle which belongs to Greenwich Hospital, but is now to be seen at the Naval Exhibition.

There is a good collection of figure-heads in Devonport Dockyard, of which the sketches here given are typical examples. The *Black Prince* belonged to the ship of that name, which is now in commission; the *Ajax* recalls the fate of her commander, Captain Boyd, R.N., who was drowned at Kingstown on the 9th February, 1861, while gallantly striving to save life when fourteen vessels were lost in the harbour in a



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CANOPUS."



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GRIMALDI."

terrible gale from the N.E. Other heads here given are from the *Canopus*, a ship taken from the French, and considered in her day the fastest sailer in the squadron; and the *Britannia*, now the training-ship for Naval cadets.

The sketches of the *Grimaldi* and *Eliza Jane* are examples of the figureheads met with in small coasting vessels.

The *Eliza Jane* is, I believe, still afloat.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE
"ELIZA JANE."

She is a schooner of about 150 tons, and, judging from the costume, was built in the year 1855. It was amusing to watch, as I did in a West country harbour, the artist of the ship painting *Eliza Jane* with the brightest colours which his palette could furnish. The bouquet of flowers took him about a day to work up, and the amount of

vermilion exhausted on the lips was prodigious.

In the same Westcountry harbour I came across the old *Grimaldi*, a collier brig, a "Geordie," in fact—see Mr. Clark Russell for a description of this kind of craft. The local seamen told me the *Grimaldi* was ninety years old, and as sound as a bell, and



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CALEDONIA."

as *Grimaldi* was born in 1779, the age of the brig was, perhaps, not exaggerated. The figure was very comical, and there were distinct traces of a goose hanging out of the clown's starboard pocket. I heard with sorrow that the poor old *Grimaldi* was lost with all hands a few months after I had sketched her.

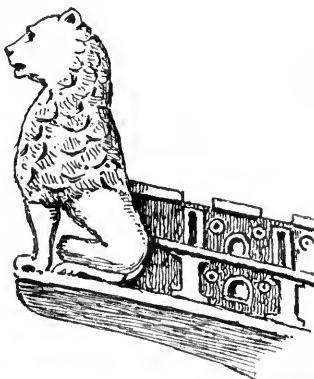


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GREAT HARRY."

The *Caledonia* is a picturesque figure. The figure-head of the *Great Harry*, Henry the Eighth's enormous vessel, represented the accompanying quaint image of the British Lion.

Lord Dufferin, in his charming book, "Letters from High Latitudes," pays great honour to the figure-head of his yacht *Foam*. "I remained on board to superintend the fixing of our sacred figure-head—executed in bronze by Marochetti, and brought along with me by rail still warm from the furnace." His Lordship apostrophises the effigy in some graceful verses,

from which I quote the following stanzas:—

"Our progress was your triumph duly hailed
By Ocean's inmates ; herald dolphins played
Before our stem, tall ships that sunward sailed
With stately curtseys due obeisance paid.

"What marvel, then, if when our wearied hull
In some lone haven found a brief repose,
Rude hands, by love made delicate, would cull
A grateful garland for your goddess brows ?"

We cannot give a more fitting conclusion to these slight notes than the figure-head of the old *Nile*, a remarkably realistic portrait bust of Lord Nelson, after he had lost his eye.



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "NILE."

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

ADVENTURE IV.—THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



E were seated at breakfast one morning, my wife and I, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Sherlock Holmes, and ran in this way :

"Have you a couple of days to spare? Have just been wired for from the West of England in connection with Boscombe Valley tragedy. Shall be glad if you will come with me. Air and scenery perfect. Leave Paddington by the 11.15."

"What do you say, dear?" said my wife, looking across at me. "Will you go?"

"I really don't know what to say. I have a fairly long list at present."

"Oh, Anstruther would do your work for you. You have been looking a little pale lately. I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes' cases."

"I should be ungrateful if I were not, seeing what I gained through one of them," I answered. "But if I am to go I must pack at once, for I have only half an hour."

My experience of camp life in Afghanistan had at least had the effect of making me a prompt and ready traveller. My wants were few and simple, so that in less than the time stated I was in a cab with my valise, rattling away to Paddington Station. Sherlock Holmes was pacing up and down the platform, his tall, gaunt figure made even gaunter and taller by his long grey travelling cloak, and close-fitting cloth cap.

"It is really very good of you to come, Watson," said he. "It makes a considerable difference to me, having someone with me on whom I can thoroughly rely. Local aid is always either worthless or else biased. If you will keep the two corner seats I shall get the tickets."

We had the carriage to ourselves save for an immense litter of papers which Holmes had brought with him. Among these he rummaged and read, with intervals of note-taking and of meditation, until we were past Reading. Then he suddenly rolled them all into a gigantic ball, and tossed them up on to the rack.

"Have you heard anything of the case?" he asked.

"Not a word. I have not seen a paper for some days."

"The London press has not had very full accounts. I have just been looking through all the recent papers in order to master the particulars. It seems, from what I gather, to be one of those simple cases which are so extremely difficult."



"WE HAD THE CARRIAGE TO OURSELVES."

"That sounds a little paradoxical."

"But it is profoundly true. Singularity is almost invariably a clue. The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult is it to bring it home. In this case, however, they have established a very serious case against the son of the murdered man."

"It is a murder, then?"

"Well, it is conjectured to be so. I shall take nothing for granted until I have the opportunity of looking personally into it. I will explain the state of things to you, as far as I have been able to understand it, in a very few words.

"Boscombe Valley is a country district not very far from Ross, in Herefordshire. The largest landed proprietor in that part is a Mr. John Turner, who made his money in Australia, and returned some years ago to the old country. One of the farms which he held, that of Hatherley, was let to Mr. Charles McCarthy, who was also an ex-Australian. The men had known each other in the Colonies, so that it was not unnatural that when they came to settle down they should do so as near each other as possible. Turner was apparently the richer man, so McCarthy became his tenant, but still remained, it seems, upon terms of perfect equality, as they were frequently together. McCarthy had one son, a lad of eighteen, and Turner had an only daughter of the same age, but neither of them had wives living. They appear to have avoided the society of the neighbouring English families, and to have led retired lives, though both the McCarthys were fond of sport, and were frequently seen at the race meetings of the neighbourhood. McCarthy kept two servants—a man and a girl. Turner had a considerable household, some half-dozen at the least. That is as much as I have been able to gather about the families. Now for the facts.

"On June 3, that is, on Monday last, McCarthy left his house at Hatherley about three in the afternoon, and walked down to the Boscombe Pool, which is a small lake formed by the spreading out of the stream which runs down the Boscombe Valley. He had been out with his serving-man in the morning at Ross, and he had told the man that he must hurry, as he had an appointment of importance to keep at three. From that appointment he never came back alive.

"From Hatherley Farmhouse to the Boscombe Pool is a quarter of a mile, and

two people saw him as he passed over this ground. One was an old woman, whose name is not mentioned, and the other was William Crowder, a gamekeeper in the employ of Mr. Turner. Both these witnesses depose that Mr. McCarthy was walking alone. The gamekeeper adds that within a few minutes of his seeing Mr. McCarthy pass he had seen his son, Mr. James McCarthy, going the same way with a gun under his arm. To the best of his belief, the father was actually in sight at the time, and the son was following him. He thought no more of the matter until he heard in the evening of the tragedy that had occurred.

"The two McCarthys were seen after the time when William Crowder, the gamekeeper, lost sight of them. The Boscombe Pool is thickly wooded round, with just a fringe of grass and of reeds round the edge. A girl of fourteen, Patience Moran, who is the daughter of the lodge-keeper of the Boscombe Valley Estate, was in one of the woods picking flowers. She states that while she was there she saw, at the border of the wood and close by the lake, Mr. McCarthy and his son, and that they appeared to be having a violent quarrel. She heard Mr. McCarthy the elder using very strong language to his son, and she saw the latter raise up his hand as if to strike his father. She was so frightened by their violence that she ran away, and told her mother when she reached home that she had left the two McCarthys quarrelling near Boscombe Pool, and that she was afraid that they were going to fight. She had hardly said the words when young Mr. McCarthy came running up to the lodge to say that he had found his father dead in the wood, and to ask for the help of the lodge-keeper. He was much excited, without either his gun or his hat, and his right hand and sleeve were observed to be stained with fresh blood. On following him they found the dead body stretched out upon the grass beside the Pool. The head had been beaten in by repeated blows of some heavy and blunt weapon. The injuries were such as might very well have been inflicted by the butt-end of his son's gun, which was found lying on the grass within a few paces of the body. Under these circumstances the young man was instantly arrested, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' having been returned at the inquest on Tuesday, he was on Wednesday brought before the magistrates at Ross,

who have referred the case to the next assizes. Those are the main facts of the case as they came out before the coroner and at the police-court."

"I could hardly imagine a more damning case," I remarked. "If ever circumstantial evidence pointed to a criminal it does so here."

"Circumstantial evidence is a very tricky thing," answered Holmes thoughtfully. "It may seem to point very straight to one thing, but if you shift your own point of view a little, you may find it pointing in an equally uncompromising manner to something entirely different. It must be confessed, however, that the case looks exceedingly grave against the young man, and it is very possible that he is indeed the culprit. There are several people in the neighbourhood, however, and among them Miss Turner, the daughter of the neighbouring landowner, who believe in his innocence, and who have retained Lestrade, whom you may recollect in connection with the Study in Scarlet, to work out the case in his interest. Lestrade, being rather puzzled, has referred the case to me, and hence it is that two middle-aged gentlemen are flying westward at fifty miles an hour, instead of quietly digesting their breakfasts at home."

"I am afraid," said I, "that the facts are so obvious that you will find little credit to be gained out of this case."

"There is nothing more deceptive than an obvious fact," he answered, laughing.



"THEY FOUND THE BODY."

"Besides, we may chance to hit upon some other obvious facts which may have been by no means obvious to Mr. Lestrade. You know me too well to think that I am boasting when I say that I shall either confirm or destroy his theory by means which he is quite incapable of employing, or even of understanding. To take the first example to hand, I very clearly perceive that in your bedroom the window is upon the right-hand side, and yet I question whether Mr. Lestrade would have noted even so self-evident a thing as that."

"How on earth——!"

"My dear fellow, I know you well. I know the military neatness which character-

ises you. You shave every morning, and in this season you shave by the sunlight, but since your shaving is less and less complete as we get further back on the left side, until it becomes positively slovenly as we get round the angle of the jaw, it is surely very clear that that side is less well illuminated than the other. I could not imagine a man of your habits looking at himself in an equal light, and being satisfied with such a result. I only quote this as a trivial example of observation and inference. Therein lies my *métier*, and it is just possible that it may be of some service in the investigation which lies before us. There are one or two minor points which were brought out in the inquest, and which are worth considering."

"What are they?"

"It appears that his arrest did not take place at once, but after the return to Hatherley Farm. On the inspector of constabulary informing him that he was a prisoner, he remarked that he was not surprised to hear it, and that it was no more than his deserts. This observation of his had the natural effect of removing any traces of doubt which might have remained in the minds of the coroner's jury."

"It was a confession," I ejaculated.

"No, for it was followed by a protestation of innocence."

"Coming on the top of such a damning series of events, it was at least a most suspicious remark."

"On the contrary," said Holmes, "it is the brightest rift which I can at present see in the clouds. However innocent he might be, he could not be such an absolute imbecile as not to see that the circumstances were very black against him. Had he appeared surprised at his own arrest, or feigned indignation at it, I should have looked upon it as highly suspicious, because such surprise or anger would not be natural under the circumstances, and yet might appear to be the best policy to a scheming man. His frank acceptance of the situation marks him as either an innocent man, or else as a man of considerable self-restraint and firmness. As to his remark about his deserts, it was also not unnatural if you consider that he stood beside the dead body of his father, and that there is no doubt that he had that very day so far forgotten his filial duty as to bandy words with him, and even, according to the little girl whose evidence is so important, to raise his hand as if to strike him. The self-reproach and contrition which are displayed in his remark appear to me to be the signs of a healthy mind, rather than of a guilty one."

I shook my head. "Many men have been hanged on far slighter evidence," I remarked.

"So they have. And many men have been wrongfully hanged."

"What is the young man's own account of the matter?"

"It is, I am afraid, not very encouraging to his supporters, though there are one or two points in it which are suggestive. You will find it here, and may read it for yourself."

He picked out from his bundle a copy of the local Herefordshire paper, and having turned down the sheet, he pointed out the

paragraph in which the unfortunate young man had given his own statement of what had occurred. I settled myself down in the corner of the carriage, and read it very carefully. It ran in this way:—

"Mr. James McCarthy, the only son of the deceased, was then called, and gave evidence as follows:—'I had been away from home for three days at Bristol, and had only just returned upon the morning of last Monday, the 3rd. My father was absent from home at the time of my arrival, and I was informed by the maid that he had driven over to Ross with John Cobb, the groom. Shortly after my return I heard the wheels of his trap in the yard, and, looking out of my window, I saw him get out and walk rapidly out of the yard, though I was not aware in which direction he was going. I then took my gun, and strolled out in the direction of the Boscombe Pool, with the intention of visiting the rabbit warren which is upon the other side. On my way I saw William Crowder, the gamekeeper, as he has stated in his evidence; but he is mistaken in thinking that I was following my father. I had no idea that he was in front of me. When about a hundred yards from the Pool I heard a cry of 'Cooee!' which was a usual signal between my father and myself. I then hurried forward, and found him standing by the Pool. He appeared to be much surprised at seeing me, and asked me rather roughly what I was doing there. A conversation ensued, which led to high words, and almost to blows, for my father was a man of a very violent temper. Seeing that his passion was becoming ungovernable, I left him, and returned towards Hatherley Farm. I had not gone more than one hundred and fifty yards, however, when I heard a hideous outcry behind me, which caused me to run back again. I found my father expiring upon the ground, with his head terribly injured. I dropped my gun, and held him in my arms, but he almost instantly expired. I knelt besides him for some minutes, and then made my way to Mr. Turner's lodge-keeper, his house being the nearest, to ask for assistance. I saw no one near my father when I returned, and I have no idea how he came by his injuries. He was not a popular man, being somewhat cold and forbidding in his manners; but he had, as far as I know, no active enemies. I know nothing further of the matter.'"

"The Coroner: Did your father make any statement to you before he died?



"I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS."

"Witness : He mumbled a few words, but I could only catch some allusion to a rat.

"The Coroner : What did you understand by that ?

"Witness : It conveyed no meaning to me. I thought that he was delirious.

"The Coroner : What was the point upon which you and your father had this final quarrel ?

"Witness : I should prefer not to answer.

"The Coroner : I am afraid that I must press it.

"Witness : It is really impossible for me to tell you. I can assure you that it has nothing to do with the sad tragedy which followed.

"The Coroner : That is for the Court to decide. I need not point out to you that your refusal to answer will prejudice your case considerably in any future proceedings which may arise.

"Witness : I must still refuse.

"The Coroner : I understand that the cry of 'Cooee' was a common signal between you and your father ?

"Witness : It was.

"The Coroner : How was it, then, that he uttered it before he saw you, and before he even knew that you had returned from Bristol ?

"Witness (with considerable confusion) : I do not know.

"A Juryman : Did you see nothing which aroused your suspicions when you returned on hearing the cry, and found your father fatally injured ?

"Witness : Nothing definite.

"The Coroner : What do you mean ?

"Witness : I was so disturbed and excited as I rushed out into the open, that I could think of nothing except of my father. Yet I have a vague impression that as I ran forward something lay upon the ground to the left of me. It seemed to me to be something grey in colour, a coat of some sort, or a plaid perhaps. When I rose from my father I looked round for it, but it was gone.

"Do you mean that it disappeared before you went for help ?

"Yes, it was gone.'

"You cannot say what it was ?'

"No, I had a feeling something was there.'

"How far from the body ?'

"A dozen yards or so.'

"And how far from the edge of the wood ?'

"About the same.'

"Then if it was removed it was while you were within a dozen yards of it ?'

"Yes, but with my back towards it.'

"This concluded the examination of the witness."

"I see," said I, as I glanced down the column, "that the coroner in his concluding remarks was rather severe upon young McCarthy. He calls attention, and with reason, to the discrepancy about his father having signalled to him before seeing him, also to his refusal to give details of his conversation with his father, and his singular account of his father's dying words. They are all, as he remarks, very much against the son."

Holmes laughed softly to himself, and stretched himself out upon the cushioned seat. "Both you and the coroner have been at some pains," said he, "to single out the very strongest points in the young man's favour. Don't you see that you alternately give him credit for having too much imagination and too little? Too little, if he could not invent a cause of quarrel which would give him the sympathy of the jury; too much, if he evolved from his own inner consciousness anything so *outré* as a dying reference to a rat, and the incident of the vanishing cloth. No, sir, I shall approach this case from the point of view that what this young man says is true, and we shall see whither that hypothesis will lead us. And now here is my pocket Petrarch, and not another word shall I say of this case until we are on the scene of action. We lunch at Swindon, and I see that we shall be there in twenty minutes."

It was nearly four o'clock when we at last, after passing through the beautiful Stroud Valley, and over the broad gleaming Severn, found ourselves at the pretty little country town of Ross. A lean, ferret-like man, furtive and sly-looking, was waiting for us upon the platform. In spite of the light brown dustcoat and leather leggings which he wore in deference to his rustic surroundings, I had no difficulty in recognising Lestrade, of Scotland Yard. With him we drove to the "Hereford Arms," where a room had already been engaged for us.

"I have ordered a carriage," said Lestrade, as we sat over a cup of tea. "I knew your energetic nature, and that you would not be happy until you had been on the scene of the crime."

"It was very nice and complimentary of you," Holmes answered. "It is entirely a question of barometric pressure."

Lestrade looked startled. "I do not quite follow," he said.

"How is the glass? Twenty-nine, I see. No wind, and not a cloud in the sky. I have a caseful of cigarettes here which need smoking, and the sofa is very much superior to the usual country hotel abomination. I do not think that it is probable that I shall use the carriage tonight."

Lestrade laughed indulgently. "You have, no doubt, already formed your conclusions from the newspapers," he said. "The case is as plain as a pikestaff, and the more one

goes into it the plainer it becomes. Still, of course, one can't refuse a lady, and such a very positive one, too. She had heard of you, and would have your opinion, though I repeatedly told her that there was nothing which you could do which I had not already done. Why, bless my soul! here is her carriage at the door."

He had hardly spoken before there rushed into the room one of the most lovely young women that I have ever seen in my life. Her violet eyes shining, her lips parted, a pink flush upon her cheeks, all thought of her natural reserve lost in her overpowering excitement and concern.

"Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" she cried, glancing from one to the other of us, and finally, with a woman's quick intuition, fastening upon my companion, "I am so glad that you have come. I have driven down to tell you so. I know that James didn't do it. I know it, and I want you to start upon your work knowing it, too. Never let yourself doubt upon that point. We have known each other since we were little children, and I know his faults as no one else does; but he is too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. Such a charge is absurd to anyone who really knows him."

"I hope we may clear him, Miss Turner," said Sherlock Holmes. "You may rely upon my doing all that I can."

"But you have read the evidence. You have formed some conclusion? Do you not see some loophole, some flaw? Do you not yourself think that he is innocent?"

"I think that it is very probable."

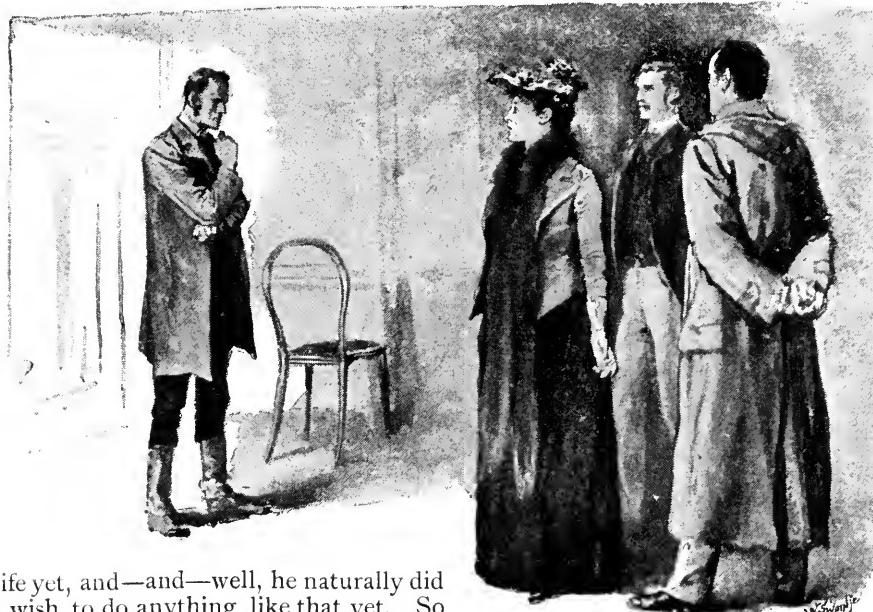
"There now!" she cried, throwing back her head, and looking defiantly at Lestrade. "You hear! He gives me hopes."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid that my colleague has been a little quick in forming his conclusions," he said.

"But he is right. Oh! I know that he is right. James never did it. And about his quarrel with his father, I am sure that the reason why he would not speak about it to the coroner was because I was concerned in it."

"In what way?" asked Holmes.

"It is no time for me to hide anything. James and his father had many disagreements about me. Mr. McCarthy was very anxious that there should be a marriage between us. James and I have always loved each other as brother and sister, but of course he is young, and has seen very little



"LESTRADE SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS."

of life yet, and—and—well, he naturally did not wish to do anything like that yet. So there were quarrels, and this, I am sure, was one of them."

"And your father?" asked Holmes. "Was he in favour of such a union?"

"No, he was averse to it also. No one but Mr. McCarthy was in favour of it." A quick blush passed over her fresh young face as Holmes shot one of his keen, questioning glances at her.

"Thank you for this information," said he. "May I see your father if I call to-morrow?"

"I am afraid the doctor won't allow it."

"The doctor?"

"Yes, have you not heard? Poor father has never been strong for years back, but this has broken him down completely. He has taken to his bed, and Dr. Willows says that he is a wreck, and that his nervous system is shattered. Mr. McCarthy was the only man alive who had known dad in the old days in Victoria."

"Ha! In Victoria! That is important."

"Yes, at the mines."

"Quite so; at the gold mines, where, as I understand, Mr. Turner made his money."

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank you, Miss Turner. You have been of material assistance to me."

"You will tell me if you have any news to-morrow. No doubt you will go to the prison to see James. Oh, if you do, Mr. Holmes, do tell him that I know him to be innocent."

"I will, Miss Turner."

"I must go home now, for dad is very ill, and he misses me so if I leave him. Good-bye, and God help you in your undertaking." She hurried from the room as impulsively as she had entered, and we heard the wheels of her carriage rattle off down the street.

"I am ashamed of you, Holmes," said Lestrade with dignity, after a few minutes' silence. "Why should you raise up hopes which you are bound to disappoint? I am not over tender of heart, but I call it cruel."

"I think that I see my way to clearing James McCarthy," said Holmes. "Have you an order to see him in prison?"

"Yes, but only for you and me."

"Then I shall reconsider my resolution about going out. We have still time to take a train to Hereford and see him tonight?"

"Ample."

"Then let us do so. Watson, I fear that you will find it very slow, but I shall only be away a couple of hours."

I walked down to the station with them, and then wandered through the streets of the little town, finally returning to the hotel, where I lay upon the sofa and tried to interest myself in a yellow-backed novel. The puny plot of the story was so thin, however, when compared to the deep

mystery through which we were groping, and I found my attention wander so continually from the fiction to the fact, that I at last flung it across the room, and gave myself up entirely to a consideration of the events of the day. Supposing that this unhappy young man's story was absolutely true, then what hellish thing, what absolutely unforeseen and extraordinary calamity could have occurred between the time when he parted from his father, and the moment when, drawn back by his screams, he rushed into the glade? It was something terrible and deadly. What could it be? Might not the nature of the injuries reveal something to my medical instincts? I rang the bell, and called for the weekly county paper, which contained a verbatim account of the inquest. In the surgeon's deposition it was stated that the posterior third of the left parietal bone and the left half of the occi-

explanation. And then the incident of the grey cloth, seen by young McCarthy. If that were true, the murderer must have dropped some part of his dress, presumably his overcoat, in his flight, and must have had the hardihood to return and to carry it away at the instant when the son was kneeling with his back turned not a dozen paces off. What a tissue of mysteries and improbabilities the whole thing was! I did not wonder at Lestrade's opinion, and yet I had so much faith in Sherlock Holmes' insight that I could not lose hope as long as every fresh fact seemed to strengthen his conviction of young McCarthy's innocence.

It was late before Sherlock Holmes returned. He came back alone, for Lestrade was staying in lodgings in the town.

"The glass still keeps very high," he remarked, as he sat down. "It is of importance that it should not rain before we are able to go over the ground. On the other hand, a man should be at his very best and keenest for such nice work as that, and I did not wish to do it when fagged by a long journey.

pital bone had been shattered by a heavy blow from a blunt weapon. I marked the spot upon my own head. Clearly such a blow must have been struck from behind. That was to some extent in favour of the accused, as when seen quarrelling he was face to face with his father. Still, it did not go for very much, for the older man might have turned his back before the blow fell. Still, it might be worth while to call Holmes' attention to it. Then there was the peculiar dying reference to a rat. What could that mean? It could not be delirium. A man dying from a sudden blow does not commonly become delirious. No, it was more likely to be an attempt to explain how he met his fate. But what could it indicate? I cudgelled my brains to find some possible

I have seen young McCarthy."

"And what did you learn from him?"

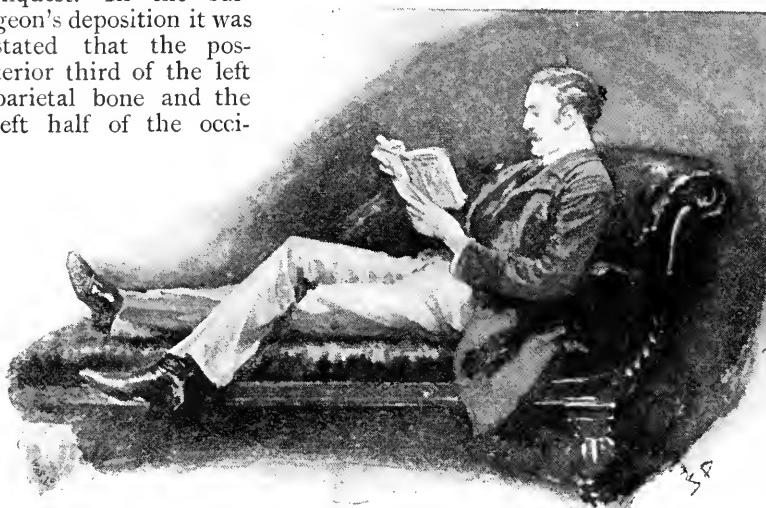
"Nothing."

"Could he throw no light?"

"None at all. I was inclined to think at one time that he knew who had done it, and was screening him or her, but I am convinced now that he is as puzzled as everyone else. He is not a very quick-witted youth, though comely to look at, and, I should think, sound at heart."

"I cannot admire his taste," I remarked, "if it is indeed a fact that he was averse to a marriage with so charming a young lady as this Miss Turner."

"Ah, thereby hangs a rather painful tale. This fellow is madly, insanely in love with her, but some two years ago, when he was



"I TRIED TO INTEREST MYSELF IN A YELLOW-BACKED NOVEL."

only a lad, and before he really knew her, for she had been away five years at a boarding-school, what does the idiot do but get into the clutches of a barmaid in Bristol, and marry her at a registry office? No one knows a word of the matter, but you can imagine how maddening it must be to him to be upbraided for not doing what he would give his very eyes to do, but what he knows to be absolutely impossible. It was sheer frenzy of this sort which made him throw his hands up into the air when his father, at their last interview, was goading him on to propose to Miss Turner. On the other hand, he had no means of supporting himself, and his father, who was by all accounts a very hard man, would have thrown him over utterly had he known the truth. It was with his barmaid wife that he had spent the last three days in Bristol, and his father did not know where he was. Mark that point. It is of importance. Good has come out of evil, however, for the barmaid, finding from the papers that he is in serious trouble, and likely to be hanged, has thrown him over utterly, and has written to him to say that she has a husband already in the Bermuda Dockyard, so that there is really no tie between them. I think that that bit of news has consoled young McCarthy for all that he has suffered."

"But if he is innocent, who has done it?"

"Ah! who? I would call your attention very particularly to two points. One is that the murdered man had an appointment with someone at the Pool, and that the someone could not have been his son, for his son was away, and he did not know when he would return. The second is that the murdered man was heard to cry, 'Cooee!' before he knew that his son had returned. Those are the crucial points upon which the case depends. And now let us talk about George Meredith, if you please, and we shall leave all minor matters until to-morrow."

There was no rain, as Holmes had foretold, and the morning broke bright and cloudless. At nine o'clock Lestrade called for us with the carriage, and we set off for Hatherley Farm and the Boscombe Pool.

"There is serious news this morning," Lestrade observed. "It is said that Mr. Turner, of the Hall, is so ill that his life is despaired of."

"An elderly man, I presume?" said Holmes.

"About sixty; but his constitution has been shattered by his life abroad, and he has been in failing health for some time. This business has had a very bad effect upon him. He was an old friend of McCarthy's, and, I may add, a great benefactor to him, for I have learned that he gave him Hatherley Farm rent free."

"Indeed! That is interesting," said Holmes.

"Oh, yes! In a hundred other ways he has helped him. Everybody about here speaks of his kindness to him."

"Really! Does it not strike you as a little singular that this McCarthy, who appears to have had little of his own, and to have been under such obligations to Turner, should still talk of marrying his son to Turner's daughter, who is, presumably, heiress to the estate, and that in such a very cocksure manner, as if it were merely a case of a proposal and all else would follow? It is the more strange, since we know that Turner himself was averse to the idea. The daughter told us as much. Do you not deduce something from that?"

"We have got to the deductions and the inferences," said Lestrade, winking at me. "I find it hard enough to tackle facts, Holmes, without flying away after theories and fancies."

"You are right," said Holmes, demurely; "you do find it very hard to tackle the facts."

"Anyhow, I have grasped one fact which you seem to find it difficult to get hold of," replied Lestrade, with some warmth.

"And that is?"

"That McCarthy, senior, met his death from McCarthy, junior, and that all theories to the contrary are the merest moonshine."

"Well, moonshine is a brighter thing than fog," said Holmes, laughing. "But I am very much mistaken if this is not Hatherley Farm upon the left."

"Yes, that is it." It was a widespread, comfortable-looking building, two-storied slate roofed, with great yellow blotches of lichen upon the grey walls. The drawn blinds and the smokeless chimneys, however, gave it a stricken look, as though the weight of this horror still lay heavy upon it. We called at the door, when the maid at Holmes' request, showed us the boots which her master wore at the time of his death, and also a pair of the son's, though not the pair which he had then had. Hav-



"THE MAID SHOWED US THE BOOTS."

ing measured these very carefully from seven or eight different points, Holmes desired to be led to the courtyard, from which we all followed the winding track which led to Boscombe Pool.

Sherlock Holmes was transformed when he was hot upon such a scent as this. Men who had only known the quiet thinker and logician of Baker-street would have failed to recognise him. His face flushed and darkened. His brows were drawn into two hard, black lines, while his eyes shone out from beneath them with a steely glitter. His face was bent downwards, his shoulders bowed, his lips compressed, and the veins stood out like whipcord in his long, sinewy neck. His nostrils seemed to dilate with a purely animal lust for the chase, and his mind was so absolutely concentrated upon the matter before him, that a question or remark fell unheeded upon his ears, or at the most, only provoked a quick, impatient snarl in reply. Swiftly and silently he made his way along the track which ran through the meadows, and so by way of the woods to the Boscombe Pool. It was damp, marshy ground, as is all that district, and there were marks of many feet, both upon the path, and amid the short grass which bounded it on either side. Sometimes Holmes would hurry on, sometimes stop

dead, and once he made quite a little *détour* into the meadow. Lestrade and I walked behind him, the detective indifferent and contemptuous, while I watched my friend with the interest which sprang from the conviction that every one of his actions was directed towards a definite end.

The Boscombe Pool, which is a little reed-girt sheet of water some fifty yards across, is situated at the boundary between the Hath-

erley Farm and the private park of the wealthy Mr. Turner. Above the woods which lined it upon the further side we could see the red jutting pinnacles which marked the site of the rich landowner's dwelling. On the Hatherley side of the Pool the woods grew very thick, and there was a narrow belt of sodden grass twenty paces across between the edge of the trees and the reeds which lined the lake. Lestrade showed us the exact spot at which the body had been found, and, indeed, so moist was the ground, that I could plainly see the traces which had been left by the fall of the stricken man. To Holmes, as I could see by his eager face and peering eyes, very many other things were to be read upon the trampled grass. He ran round, like a dog who is picking up a scent, and then turned upon my companion.

"What did you go into the Pool for?" he asked.

"I fished about with a rake. I thought there might be some weapon or other trace. But how on earth——?"

"Oh, tut, tut! I have no time! That left foot of yours with its inward twist is all over the place. A mole could trace it, and there it vanishes among the reeds. Oh, how simple it would all have been had I been here before they came like a herd of

buffalo, and wallowed all over it. Here is where the party with the lodge-keeper came, and they have covered all tracks for six or eight feet round the body. But here are

and this also he carefully examined and retained. Then he followed a pathway through the wood until he came to the high road, where all traces were lost.



"FOR A LONG TIME HE REMAINED THERE."

three separate tracks of the same feet." He drew out a lens, and lay down upon his waterproof to have a better view, talking all the time rather to himself than to us. "These are young McCarthy's feet. Twice he was walking, and once he ran swiftly so that the soles are deeply marked, and the heels hardly visible. That bears out his story. He ran when he saw his father on the ground. Then here are the father's feet as he paced up and down. What is this, then? It is the butt-end of the gun as the son stood listening. And this? Ha, ha! What have we here? Tip-toes! tip-toes! Square, too, quite unusual boots! They come, they go, they come again—of course that was for the cloak. Now where did they come from?" He ran up and down, sometimes losing, sometimes finding the track until we were well within the edge of the wood, and under the shadow of a great beech, the largest tree in the neighbourhood. Holmes traced his way to the further side of this, and lay down once more upon his face with a little cry of satisfaction. For a long time he remained there, turning over the leaves and dried sticks, gathering up what seemed to me to be dust into an envelope, and examining with his lens not only the ground, but even the bark of the tree as far as he could reach. A jagged stone was lying among the moss,

"It has been a case of considerable interest," he remarked, returning to his natural manner. "I fancy that this grey house on the right must be the lodge. I think that I will go in and have a word with Moran, and perhaps write a little note. Having done that, we may drive back to our luncheon. You may walk to the cab, and I shall be with you presently."

It was about ten minutes before we regained our cab, and drove back into Ross, Holmes still carrying with him the stone which he had picked up in the wood.

"This may interest you, Lestrade," he remarked, holding it out. "The murderer was done with it."

"I see no marks."

"There are none."

"How do you know, then?"

"The grass was growing under it. It had only lain there a few days. There was no sign of a place whence it had been taken. It corresponds with the injuries. There is no sign of any other weapon."

"And the murderer?"

"Is a tall man, left-handed, limps with the right leg, wears thick-soled shooting boots and a grey cloak, smokes Indian cigars, uses a cigar-holder, and carries a blunt penknife in his pocket. There are several other indications, but these may be enough to aid us in our search."

Lestrade laughed. "I am afraid that I am still a sceptic," he said. "Theories are all very well, but we have to deal with a hard-headed British jury."

"*Nous verrons*," answered Holmes, calmly. "You work your own method, and I shall work mine. I shall be busy this afternoon, and shall probably return to London by the evening train."

"And leave your case unfinished?"

"No, finished."

"But the mystery?"

"It is solved."

"Who was the criminal, then?"

"The gentleman I describe."

"But who is he?"

"Surely it would not be difficult to find out. This is not such a populous neighbourhood."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am a practical man," he said, "and I really cannot undertake to go about the country looking for a left-handed gentleman with a game leg. I should become the laughing-stock of Scotland Yard."

"All right," said Holmes, quietly. "I have given you the chance. Here are your lodgings. Good-bye. I shall drop you a line before I leave."

Having left Lestrade at his rooms we drove to our hotel, where we found lunch upon the table. Holmes was silent and buried in thought with a pained expression upon his face, as one who finds himself in a perplexing position.

"Look here, Watson," he said, when the cloth was cleared; "just sit down in this chair and let me preach to you

for a little. I don't quite know what to do, and I should value your advice. Light a cigar, and let me expound."

"Pray do so."

"Well, now, in considering this case there are two points about young McCarthy's narrative which struck us both instantly, although they impressed me in his favour and you against him. One was the fact that his father should, according to his account, cry 'Cooee!' before seeing him. The other was his singular dying reference to a rat. He mumbled several words, you understand, but that was all that caught the son's ear. Now from this double point our research must commence, and we will begin it by presuming that what the lad says is absolutely true."

"What of this 'Cooee!' then?"

"Well, obviously it could not have been meant for the son. The son, as far as he knew, was in Bristol. It was mere chance that he was within earshot. The

'Cooee!' was meant to attract the attention of whoever it was that he had the appointment with. But 'Cooee' is a distinctly Australian cry, and one which is used between Australians. There is a strong presumption that the person whom McCarthy expected to meet him at Boscombe Pool was someone who had been in Australia."

"What of the rat, then?"

Sherlock Holmes took a folded paper from his pocket and flattened it out on the table. "This is a map of the Colony of Victoria," he said. "I wired to Bristol for it last night." He put



"HE HAD STOOD BEHIND THAT TREE."

his hand over part of the map. "What do you read?" he asked.

"ARAT," I read.

"And now?" He raised his hand.

"BALLARAT."

"Quite so. That was the word the man uttered, and of which his son only caught the last two syllables. He was trying to utter the name of his murderer. So-and-so, of Ballarat."

"It is wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"It is obvious. And now, you see, I had narrowed the field down considerably. The possession of a grey garment was a third point which, granting the son's statement to be correct, was a certainty. We have come now out of mere vagueness to the definite conception of an Australian from Ballarat with a grey cloak."

"Certainly."

"And one who was at home in the district, for the Pool can only be approached by the farm or by the estate, where strangers could hardly wander."

"Quite so."

"Then comes our expedition of to-day. By an examination of the ground I gained the trifling details which I gave to that imbecile Lestrade, as to the personality of the criminal."

"But how did you gain them?"

"You know my method. It is founded upon the observance of trifles."

"His height I know that you might roughly judge from the length of his stride. His boots, too, might be told from their traces."

"Yes, they were peculiar boots."

"But his lameness?"

"The impression of his right foot was always less distinct than his left. He put less weight upon it. Why? Because he limped—he was lame."

"But his left-handedness?"

"You were yourself struck by the nature of the injury as recorded by the surgeon at the inquest. The blow was struck from immediately behind, and yet was upon the left side. Now, how can that be unless it were by a left-handed man? He had stood behind that tree during the interview between the father and son. He had even smoked there. I found the ash of a cigar, which my special knowledge of tobacco ashes enabled me to pronounce as an Indian cigar. I have, as you know, devoted some attention to this, and written a little monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar, and cigarette tobacco. Having

found the ash, I then looked round and discovered the stump among the moss where he had tossed it. It was an Indian cigar, of the variety which are rolled in Rotterdam."

"And the cigar-holder?"

"I could see that the end had not been in his mouth. Therefore he used a holder. The tip had been cut off, not bitten off, but the cut was not a clean one, so I deduced a blunt penknife."

"Holmes," I said, "you have drawn a net round this man from which he cannot escape, and you have saved an innocent human life as truly as if you had cut the cord which was hanging him. I see the direction in which all this points. The culprit is—"

"Mr. John Turner," cried the hotel waiter, opening the door of our sitting-room, and ushering in a visitor.

The man who entered was a strange and impressive figure. His slow, limping step and bowed shoulders gave the appearance of decrepitude, and yet his hard, deep-lined, craggy features, and his enormous limbs showed that he was possessed of unusual



"MR. JOHN TURNER," SAID THE WAITER.

strength of body and of character. His tangled beard, grizzled hair, and outstanding, drooping eyebrows combined to give an air of dignity and power to his appearance, but his face was of an ashen white, while his lips and the corners of his nostrils were tinged with a shade of blue. It was clear to me at a glance that he was in the grip of some deadly and chronic disease.

"Pray sit down on the sofa," said Holmes, gently. "You had my note?"

"Yes, the lodge-keeper brought it up. You said that you wished to see me here to avoid scandal."

"I thought people would talk if I went to the Hall."

"And why did you wish to see me?" He looked across at my companion with despair in his weary eyes, as though his question were already answered.

"Yes," said Holmes, answering the look rather than the words. "It is so. I know all about McCarthy."

The old man sank his face in his hands. "God help me!" he cried. "But I would not have let the young man come to harm. I give you my word that I would have spoken out if it went against him at the Assizes."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Holmes, gravely.

"I would have spoken now had it not been for my dear girl. It would break her heart—it will break her heart when she hears that I am arrested."

"It may not come to that," said Holmes. "What!"

"I am no official agent. I understand that it was your daughter who required my presence here, and I am acting in her interests. Young McCarthy must be got off, however."

"I am a dying man," said old Turner. "I have had diabetes for years. My doctor says it is a question whether I shall live a month. Yet I would rather die under my own roof than in a gaol."

Holmes rose and sat down at the table with his pen in his hand and a bundle of paper before him. "Just tell us the truth," he said. "I shall jot down the facts. You will sign it, and Watson here can witness it. Then I could produce your confession at the last extremity to save young McCarthy. I promise you that I shall not use it unless it is absolutely needed."

"It's as well," said the old man; "it's a

question whether I shall live to the Assizes, so it matters little to me, but I should wish to spare Alice the shock. And now I will make the thing clear to you; it has been a long time in the acting, but will not take me long to tell.

"You didn't know this dead man, McCarthy. He was a devil incarnate. I tell you that. God keep you out of the clutches of such a man as he. His grip has been upon me these twenty years, and he has blasted my life. I'll tell you first how I came to be in his power.

"It was in the early sixties at the diggings. I was a young chap then, hot-blooded and reckless, ready to turn my hand to anything; I got among bad companions, took to drink, had no luck with my claim, took to the bush, and in a word became what you would call over here a highway robber. There were six of us, and we had a wild, free life of it, sticking up a station from time to time, or stopping the waggons on the road to the diggings. Black Jack of Ballarat was the name I went under, and our party is still remembered in the colony as the Ballarat Gang.

"One day a gold convoy came down from Ballarat to Melbourne, and we lay in wait for it and attacked it. There were six troopers and six of us, so it was a close thing, but we emptied four of their saddles at the first volley. Three of our boys were killed, however, before we got the swag. I put my pistol to the head of the waggon-driver, who was this very man McCarthy. I wish to the Lord that I had shot him then, but I spared him, though I saw his wicked little eyes fixed on my face, as though to remember every feature. We got away with the gold, became wealthy men, and made our way over to England without being suspected. There I parted from my old pals, and determined to settle down to a quiet and respectable life. I bought this estate which chanced to be in the market, and I set myself to do a little good with my money, to make up for the way in which I had earned it. I married, too, and though my wife died young, she left me my dear little Alice. Even when she was just a baby her wee hand seemed to lead me down the right path as nothing else had ever done. In a word, I turned over a new leaf, and did my best to make up for the past. All was going well when McCarthy laid his grip upon me."

"I had gone up to town about an investment, and I met him in Regent-street with

hardly a coat to his back or a boot to his foot.

"Here we are, Jack," says he, touching me on the arm; "we'll be as good as a family to you. There's two of us, me and my son, and you can have the keeping of us. If you don't—it's a fine, law-abiding country is England, and there's always a policeman within hail."

"Well, down they came to the West country, there was no shaking them off, and there they have lived rent free on my best land ever since. There was no rest for me, no peace, no forgetfulness; turn where I would, there was his cunning, grinning face at my elbow. It grew worse as Alice grew up, for he soon saw I was more afraid of her knowing my past than of the police. Whatever he wanted he must have, and whatever it was I gave him without question, land, money, houses, until at last he asked a thing which I could not give. He asked for Alice.

"His son, you see, had grown up, and so had my girl, and as I was known to be in weak health, it seemed a fine stroke to him that his lad should step into the whole property. But there I was firm. I would not have his cursed stock mixed with mine; not that I had any dislike to the lad, but his blood was in him, and that was enough. I stood firm. McCarthy threatened. I braved him to do his worst. We were to meet at the Pool midway between our houses to talk it over.

"When I went down there I found him talking with his son, so I smoked a cigar, and waited behind a tree until he should be alone. But as I listened to his talk all that was black and bitter in me seemed to come uppermost. He was urging his son to marry my daughter with as little regard for what she



"FAREWELL, THEN," SAID THE OLD MAN.

might think as if she were a slut from off the streets. It drove me mad to think that I and all that I held most dear should be in the power of such a man as this. Could I not snap the bond? I was already a dying and a desperate man. Though clear of mind and fairly strong of limb, I knew that my own fate was sealed. But my memory and my girl! Both could be saved, if I could but silence that foul tongue. I did it, Mr. Holmes. I would do it again. Deeply as I have sinned, I have led a life of martyrdom to atone for it. But that my girl should be entangled in the same meshes which held me was more than I could suffer. I struck him down with no more compunction than if he had been some foul and venomous beast. His cry brought back his son; but I had gained the cover of the wood, though I was forced to go back to fetch the cloak which I had dropped in my flight. That is the true story, gentlemen, of all that occurred."

"Well, it is not for me to judge you," said Holmes, as the old man signed the statement which had been drawn out. "I pray that we may never be exposed to such a temptation."

"I pray not, sir. And what do you intend to do?"

"In view of your health, nothing. You are yourself aware that you will soon have to answer for your deed at a higher Court

than the assizes. I will keep your confession, and, if McCarthy is condemned, I shall be forced to use it. If not, it shall never be seen by mortal eye; and your secret, whether you be alive or dead, shall be safe with us."

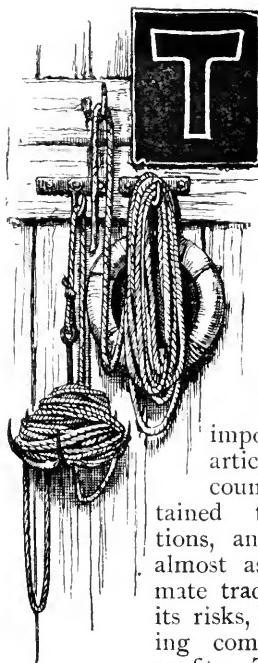
"Farewell! then," said the old man, solemnly. "Your own death-beds, when they come, will be the easier for the thought of the peace which

you have given to mine." Tottering and shaking in all his giant frame, he stumbled slowly from the room.

"God help us!" said Holmes, after a long silence. "Why does fate play such tricks with poor helpless worms? I never hear of such a case as this that I do not think of Baxter's words, and say, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Sherlock Holmes.'"

James McCarthy was acquitted at the assizes, on the strength of a number of objections which had been drawn out by Holmes, and submitted to the defending counsel. Old Turner lived for seven months after our interview, but he is now dead; and there is every prospect that the son and daughter may come to live happily together, in ignorance of the black cloud which rests upon their past.

Smugglers' Devices.



THE evasion of the customs duties has, since customs duties were first collected by Government, been in this country almost a national vice—or crime, as many will consider it. Not that no smuggling goes on, or has gone on in other countries; but with the very large duties which in old times were imposed on almost every article imported to this country the practice attained tremendous proportions, and was looked upon almost as a legitimate trade, having its risks, but bringing commensurate profit. The facts

that all contraband articles came from across the water, and that the country possessed a very long coast line difficult to watch everywhere, and providing numberless convenient landing-places, also tended to make the trade general and lucrative. The last century witnessed the most flourishing days of the industry, and indeed it was not till many years of the present century had expired that smuggling of the old-fashioned sort fell into unprofitableness and evil repute. The Sussex smugglers were at this time a most active and popular body of ruffians, whose misdeeds the whole population facilitated and screened as far as possible. Indeed, many a worthy parson thought it no shame to allow the vaults and belfry of his church to be used as warehouses for contraband merchandise, and received consideration for his assistance in many a keg of good Nantz. Dangerous ruffians, too, were the Sussex smugglers, and, indeed, those

all round the coast; and the criminal records contain many horrible stories of savagely murdered customs officers, whose lives went in the execution of their duty. Of course, often a stand-up fight took place, in which men of both sides died fighting man to man; but the tales of brutal murder of solitary and defenceless officers and suspected informers are numerous and unpleasant. The bold smuggler in actual life was not, any more than the bold highwayman, a very heroic person, although the excessive duties in his time levied on almost every article of daily use and the consequent general high prices gained him many friends and apologists. Even a great moralist like Adam Smith felt justified in describing him as "a person who, though, no doubt, highly blamable for violating the laws of his country, is frequently incapable of violating those of



"CONTRABAND MERCHANDISE."

natural justice, and would have been in every respect an excellent citizen had not the laws of his country made that a crime which nature never meant to be so."

There can be no doubt that the best measures of repression against smuggling are a simplification of the customs laws and a reduction of the duties until the profits of the fraud are too small to pay for the risk and trouble. Since the old protective days, when the smuggler of the old school, with his fast vessels, his boldness and his pistols, waxed fat and prospered, customs laws have been simplified and duties have been wonderfully reduced ; consequently, smuggling is no longer a trade, and such smuggling as still goes on, the effect of the old taint in the national blood, is mean, small, and petty by comparison. Boldness has given way to peddling individual cunning, and for the cargoes of brandy and lace once "run" by popular ruffians, miserable pocketfuls of tobacco are secreted by very ordinary and unheroic persons who very probably, in many cases, would shrink from an action involving anything like intrepidity, and would resent the imputation of dishonesty with much indignation. Nevertheless quaint and curious are the devices they employ to baffle the Queen's officers, and, as often as not, extremely ingenious. Such smuggling as now goes on is almost entirely confined, as might be guessed, to tobacco, although spirits or eau de Cologne in small quantities sometimes successfully tempt.

The ingenious and horny-handed docker is responsible for more than one quaint artifice, and, as the secretion of tobacco or spirits on his part may at times involve an accusation of theft as well as of smuggling, a sharp lookout is kept for him. Let us imagine ourselves at the dock-gates as a dock-labourer approaches to leave, and observe proceedings.

To ordinary observation he is a plain and innocent docker, with the customary amount of hard wear in his clothes and the customary amount of dirt upon his face. But, as he approaches the gates there becomes apparent upon that same face an unusual expression of blank blamelessness which at once attracts attention. He looks much too innocent altogether, and has, besides, a slight limp ; so the constable stops him. Now we should never notice, unless our attention were first directed to it, that the docker wears very large boots. The constable has observed it, however, and makes a pointed allusion to the fact. The blameless docker murmurs something indefinite about corns, and, being at once offered a seat, is, much against his will, induced to ease his feet by taking the large boots off.

Dear, dear !—no wonder the poor fellow was limping. The fact is, he has been



"NO WONDER THE POOR FELLOW WAS LIMPING."

making anti-damp socks, like cork soles, for himself, but has made them much too thick. Besides, they are made of tobacco cake, which is no doubt a capital thing for the purpose, but looks very suspicious. So the gentle docker is kept for awhile to explain, and he probably finds the explanation a difficult one.

The tobacco sole dodge is a very common one, and quite "blown upon"; but as it is impossible to examine everybody's boots, no doubt some such things get through still, from time to time. Sailors and others employ it, as well as dockers.

Here comes another blameless docker. He looks neither to the right nor the left, but gazes straight ahead through the gates with an expression which may mean thoughts of his happy boyhood, or bloater for tea, or indeed anything but smuggled smokes and drinks. Still he is stopped, and the constable's hand falls upon his arm. Something about the arm takes the constable's fancy, so he slips his hand under the sleeve, and draws forth an odd article—an article at which the docker gazes with intense astonishment, as though he couldn't think how it came there. And, indeed, how could it have come there? For it is a piece of bamboo, nearly a foot long, with one end open, and a piece of small rubber or leather tubing attached to the other end. Now there is nothing contraband in a piece of bamboo, with an indiarubber tube attached, but somehow about half a pint of rum has contrived to get into this particular piece of bamboo, and docker No. 2 goes to join his persecuted colleague.

Now this docker was a man of sagacity. When he took that bit of bamboo and dropped it, open end downward, into a barrel of rum, it immediately filled up with the spirit, because the air escaped through the india-rubber tube. Then this scientific person pinched the sides of the tube close together, near the bamboo, so that no air could re-enter to allow the rum to fall out, and carefully lifted the machine out of the bung-hole. Having turned it open-end up, and dexterously manipulated the rubber tube so that no rum might escape thereby, nothing remained but to slip the whole instrument up his sleeve, march to the dock gates and—be caught.

The bamboo dipper is not an uncommon dodge, and its success varies. It is a much more artistic trick than the generality of those adopted by men employed about the docks, whose genius does not often rise

above tobacco in a coat-lining, or "sucking the monkey." But honest Jack Tar is perhaps a greater smuggler than the docker—honest Jack Tar nowadays being often a Lascar. 'Baccy is Jack's chief weakness, of course. Dive down into the lowermost internals of some sailing vessel in the London Dock—down where the smell of pitch hangs solid in the air, and where the dirty lantern rarely saves the explorer's head and shins from grievous bangs. Here are coils of rope, not by ones, or tens, but by hundreds, all tarry, all smelly, all in confusion alike. There is no difference, one might say, between any of them, excepting, perhaps, in size. But if somebody connected with the ship were confiding enough, and foolish enough, to come and pick out for us the right coil of rope, and hold it close against our noses, we might, even in that pitch-laden atmosphere, just detect the familiar smell of—twist. There it is, one fraudulent coil among a hundred innocent ones, simply several pounds of twist tobacco. The Custom-house officers know this dodge, but it is not surprising that it has at times eluded them after they did know it.

If the vessel is a Dutch-trading one, or one trading to other ports where the 'baccy temptation is especially great, we may perhaps discover something else—a trick which, we believe, is not very generally known among the customs men, and which we hereby reveal for their information. Lying about the deck will be a number of "fenders"—shapeless conglomerations of fibrous rope, which are hung over the side coming into dock to ease the scraping of the ship's side against the quay or against other ships' sides. Now an honourable fender is filled up inside with scraps of oakum, old rope, waste yarn, and things of that sort; but, sad to say, all fenders are not honourable. Tobacco makes a good stuffing, and doesn't smoke much the worse for having been squeezed a bit against a ship's timbers.

Logs and billets of wood lie about promiscuously on deck and below. It is not a difficult thing for a handy man to hollow out a billet of wood and provide it with so neatly fitting a lid or end that it looks as solid a log as ever was chopped. But then its lightness and hollow sound would betray its ingenuity of construction, so that it becomes necessary to fill it with something to make it feel and sound solid. Again tobacco is found to be a most valuable material for the purpose, and stuffed full it accordingly is. Melancholy to relate,

this artifice no longer deceives the officers, who have discovered it again and again, so that it is really safer to leave the log solid and uninteresting.

A variation on the log trick was invented by a stoker, who hollowed out a long cavity from the end of a beam and slid into it a tin drawer, the end of which was faced with wood corresponding in grain to the beam. Unavailing all, however, for the stoker and his tin box and his "hard cake" made a simultaneous appearance at the police-court.

Jack has always been a musical person, and among the many instruments which he affects the concertina and the accordion occupy honoured places. There are many persons whose ears are not attuned to appreciate any superiority of either of these instruments over the other, and, indeed, whose sole preference would be for the abolition of both. Jack, however, usually prefers the accordion—because it holds more cigars. It is not long since a guileless son of Neptune had to bid a long farewell to his accordion—an unusually large one—in consequence of its being found to enclose 300 odd cigars and two pounds of cake tobacco. These things did not improve the tone, but they made the instrument much more valuable.

There has been a sad falling off in the consumption of snuff of late years, and the article is really scarcely worth smuggling. Still a seizure is made now and again, but never a very large one. When the sale was larger, conscientious merchants were wont to import snuff compressed to the shape and general appearance of oil-cakes, such as are used to feed cattle. These cakes of snuff were mixed with genuine oil-cakes, and the only way in which to distinguish them was by smell. A Custom-house officer's nose is a most useful professional implement.

Not unlike the hollow log device in idea, but perhaps superior as an artistic conception, was the coal stratagem. A large lump of coal would be chosen—a lump with a smooth, straight grain which splits easily. A nice flat slice would be chopped off this, and then, on the surface thus exposed, the persevering mineralogist would make laborious excavations till the lump of coal became a hollow shell; and, as it would have been rather a pity to have this careful piece of work crushed in by accident from the outside, the interior was suitably supported by a tight and hard packing of the proper kind of tobacco, or sometimes even with snuff. Then, when the slice first removed had been carefully replaced over the hole and neatly fastened down with pitch, that piece of coal became an object of loving solicitude to its proprietor. And very proper, too; for, just as the Venus of Milo is not a mere



"A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER'S NOSE."



"THE ACCORDION."

lump of stone, so this was no longer a mere dull piece of coal—it had been invested with artistic merit, and some pounds of superior plug. We regret to say that this triumph of art met with early destruction at the hands of a clumsy Philistine with a crow-bar—a customs man. Wherefore the coal-box strata-

gem has fallen into disfavour, and is fast becoming a lost art.

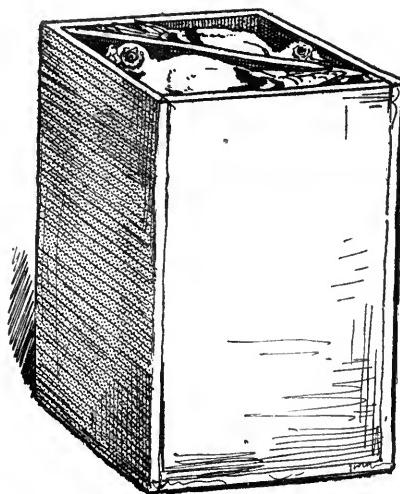
Did the gentle reader never inspect a pigeon-box? A pigeon-box is a tall, oblong affair, in several storeys, each divided by a diagonal partition. In each of the compartments thus provided a pigeon is placed, the broad end of the triangle accommodating the bird's head and shoulders, and the tapering tail just fitting in the sharper apex. Now, if a searcher omit to lift out the upper storeys, it is plain he will not see any pigeons in the storeys below—nor, indeed, any tobacco or brandy. At some far-off, guileless, Arcadian time, it would seem that the searchers did not look into the lower storeys, and the result of this carelessness may be imagined. Once, however, somebody *did* look, and saw something that certainly wasn't pigeons. After this other expedients had to be adopted. The bottoms of the boxes were made double, and tobacco and cigars found their way into these happy realms between these double bottoms. Then this little game was spoiled by a meddlesome person who measured the depth of the whole concern inside and compared it with the height outside; and then arose the final triumph of smuggling art as applied to pigeon-boxes. The boxes became stout and clumsy; the walls were thick, the bottoms were thick—they were thick altogether. No sliding bottoms here, no storeys full of "jack," all solid, sound, and thick—until you whittled some of the wood away with a knife. Then it became evident that all this stout, clumsy wood was hollow, built of fine match-boarding, and—so full is the heart of man with deceit and desperately wicked—very fully and completely packed with tobacco. After this discovery pigeon-boxes from Antwerp were abandoned as vehicles of the surreptitious weed. It was felt that ingenuity could go no further than hollow planks, and attention was turned to other gear. Still false backs and bottoms to boxes and drawers continue in favour, from the many opportunities for their use which a ship's furniture gives. It

is not long since a monkey of much activity and intelligence was brought ashore in a sort of exaggerated parrot cage. Something led to an examination of the tin bottom of this cage, when it was found to be as hollow as the woodpecker's beech-tree—a tin canister, in fact, full of canaster.

Hollowness is a great characteristic of things manipulated to carry contraband goods; indeed, to a fairly successful Custom-house officer the world must appear a very hollow thing altogether. It is a fairly good number of years ago now, as a man's life lasts, since what had probably been a most successful hollow fraud was discovered at the Custom-house. Broomsticks were imported into this country in very large numbers, and one importer was very regular with his consignments.

One fine day, however, the consignment arrived, but nobody appeared to claim it.

Several fine days passed—several weeks and months, fine and otherwise, but still nobody came. The broomsticks were put away in an odd corner in a spare room of the Custom-house, and became dusty. The winter arrived, and upon a cold morning two Custom-house clerks found they had nothing to do. This is not an alarming state of affairs for two Government clerks—it has occurred at other times. But the morning was really too cold to permit of much comfort being extracted from gentle exercise with *The Times*



"A PIGEON BOX."

newspaper, and the eyes of the two clerks fell upon the heap of broomsticks. Single-stick was obviously the pursuit most suited to the occasion, and here were the sticks to hand—rather long, of course, but that was a detail. So single-stick they began, with energy. At the first sharp cut and guard off snapped eighteen inches from the end of one broomstick, followed by a flying tail of cigars. The combat ceased on the spot, and an examination of the sticks revealed the fact that they were simply wooden tubes, neatly stopped with wooden plugs at the ends, and filled up as to the remainder of their length with cigars and hard

tobacco. The man never came for his broomsticks, so that the story is deprived of what might have been an interesting sequel. An adaptation of the broomstick machination has also been employed with lead pencils containing bank-notes of doubtful manufacture, rolled up small. A man with a pocket-knife took it into his

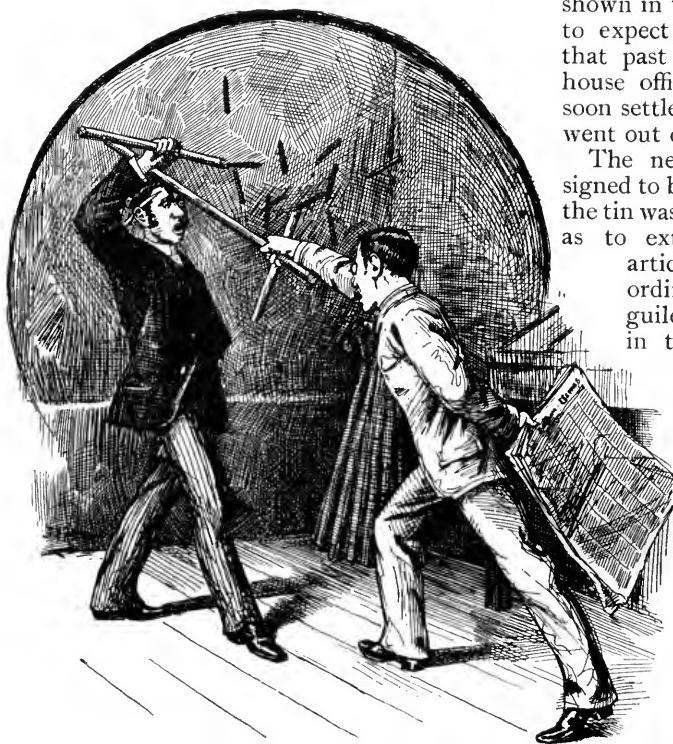
sticks, and soon the fond illusion burst, and so did a good many of the bladders.

The bladders having been placed beyond the region of practical politics, refuge was taken in the time-honoured dodge of the double bottom. Very probably this served for a time until the smugglers' greediness exceeded reasonable bounds, and the grog-chamber became of the proportions shown in the diagram. It was not wise to expect to get many such things as that past a moderately smart Custom-house officer, and a dip with a stick soon settled matters. The pattern early went out of fashion.

The next attack was especially designed to baffle the poking stick. Again the tin was perfectly innocent and normal as to external appearances—all such articles are so, of course. An ordinary oil tin, from the outside, guile and cunning lurked within in the shape of a perpendicular oil chamber, of parallel diameter down to an inch or two from the mouth of the vessel, and thence gradually enlarging, cone fashion, to a base of eight inches. Now, this bottom diameter of eight inches was so carefully proportioned to the width and length of the parallel entrance above that the exploratory stick might, while reaching the very bottom, twist and wag about in any direction without touching a side of the chamber, and, of course, always dived into

nothing but oil. In the extensive region round about this cone, however, and occupying much the greater part of the whole interior, the liquid was not oil, but brandy. This was pretty ingenious, and perhaps for a time fairly successful, but the customs men were equal to the occasion, and the cone chamber is no longer an effective dodge.

It would seem difficult to devise an improvement on it, but still it was done. The can was made with just the same guiltless exterior, though still with the unholy conical oil chamber inside. But its honest and straightforward character was still further testified by a small spout in the top of the vessel, near the very edge, right away from any possible central chamber, and out of which the contents, or a little of them,



"SINGLESTICK."

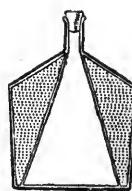
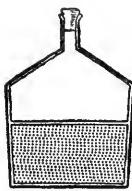
head to sharpen one of these, and so this well laid scheme went agley.

In the matter of the smuggling of spirits in fairly large quantities, a continual war of wits has been waged between the smugglers and the customs authorities—a war in which a chief feature has been the battle of the oil-drums. So far the authorities have won pretty handsomely. To begin with, the ordinary oil-drum of commerce was put into requisition. This carried just so much oil that when a long bladder full of spirits was introduced through the bung-hole, or before the drum was headed, it would quite fill up; then the official inquisitors might smell the oil or pour a little out, and be none the wiser. But the inquisitors developed an awkward habit of poking about down into the oil-can with

might conveniently be poured. What could possibly be more above-board and open than that? You might put your stick down from the top to the bottom, and waggle it in all directions; you might pour out of the top a little of the contents—oil; you might pour more out of the more convenient side spout—the same oil; you might even poke a stick or wire as far as you pleased down the little spout, and still it was all oil. But the smuggler's ways are dark. There was a tube leading from the little spout to the conical oil chamber in the middle—just as the diagram shows—and all round about was just about the same quantity of just about the same brandy! Truly, it would seem impossible to detect fraud in this. But the fraud was detected, and every customs officer knows of it. The smugglers

brandy—something more than the smell of a mere flask—and a small liquid trail which marked the wobbling lady's path. Somebody went after that hapless lady, and she was, with a great deal of difficulty, prevailed upon—the trickling stream expatiating into a goodly puddle the while—to submit herself to the investigations of a female searcher. Then the cause of the seclusion, the haste, the wobble, the smell, and the puddle became obvious. Somewhere about twenty long bladders full of strong Cognac had been used to trim one of the unfortunate lady's petticoats, and one of these bladders had sprung a leak.

Women have often found their skirts and bodices useful aids to smuggling, and the reign of crinoline or dress improver is their opportunity. Indiarubber dress im-



OIL TINS.

are beaten, at any rate for the present. What more, though, can they possibly do with the oil tin?

Brandy has been smuggled in bladders, otherwise than in oil tins. More than once these bladders have been found among a woman's under-clothing. Many of the hauls have been made at

Dover, the smugglers landing from the Calais packet. The bladders are, as a rule, pretty trustworthy, though they have been known to leak with disastrous results. This was what brought a very elaborately dressed lady to grief a little time ago at Dover. She had kept very much to herself on the run over, and was thought to be rather unwell. Her only luggage, a small bag, was examined and passed, and she started off—rather hurriedly. This was nothing extraordinary, perhaps, in itself, but her gait was an odd one—she wobbled. Now many people wobble when they leave the Calais boat, and even this might have passed unheeded were it not for a very strong smell of

provers distended with brandy, and petticoats quilted heavily with tobacco, are well-known plans for defeating the revenue officers. Again and again smugglers, male and female, are betrayed by attempting too much; and many a skirt full of cigars has been detected through the obvious weight of the burden, the different "set" it gave to the clothes, and the check it constituted to an easy gait.

The story of the Calais-Dover baby is pretty well known. It was always so unwell, poor little dear! and its face had to be kept heavily veiled from the cold wind. Notwithstanding this, it was always being carried back and forth between England and France by the interesting young mother: never cried, and never, somehow, grew out of long clothes. The Custom-house officers—married men themselves—didn't understand it. So that, next time, the most married man among them ventured to insist on being introduced to the interesting little creature. He had a difficulty in convincing the lady of his amiable intentions, and, indeed, had to use a little force before discovering that the baby was an entirely artificial sort of infant, chiefly tobacco, but largely lace. This sort of baby



"THE CALAIS-DOVER BABY."

was much quieter and less troublesome than the ordinary kind, and worth more money—lace being dutiable at that time, as well as tobacco. Still there is reason to believe that the lady afterwards gave up that class of baby.

Clocks and watches are not dutiable under English customs laws, but they are so in France. This is what led to the sad disaster to a French lady who had bought a charming drawing-room clock in Switzerland, and essayed to cross the frontier with her bargain worn as a dress-improver. It was a capital idea, and would have succeeded admirably were it not that, while the lady was assuring the *douanier* that there was nothing dutiable about her, the virtuous clock solemnly struck twelve.

Watches were once dutiable in England, however, and a very highly approved way of smuggling them was in a book. The book was opened, and a good bunch of the middle pages punched through with circular

holes, just large enough to admit the watches. Then, the punctured leaves having been glued together and the watches inserted in the holes, two or three whole leaves on either side next the glued ones were pasted down to conceal the contraband articles, and the leaves still remaining loose at either end of the book were still available for mental improvement. He must have been a very rude Custom-house officer who first insisted on taking away a lady's or gentleman's book in the middle of her or his perusal, and finding watches in it. But he did it, nevertheless, and, doubtless, never felt the least sorrow for his want of courtesy.

The bread manoeuvre is worth mentioning. You make up your 'baccy or cigars into a firm paper parcel, and, having plastered it round with dough in the correct shape of a half-quartern loaf, you bake it, and there you are. When the revenue men can penetrate even this disguise—and they have done it—what hope is there for a poor smuggler? The French understand this plan, and if any English boy at a French school has cakes sent from home, they always arrive cut into wedges by the *douanier*, and sad are the misgivings in that school that the *douanier* may have poached a wedge for himself.

Sixty years ago or more, when the country was ravaged by small-pox, many



"WATCHES."

nailed-down coffins arrived in London with the words "small-pox" painted thereon in red letters. It may be readily understood that nobody was anxious to interfere with the contents, which proved very profitable, being principally brandy, and, now and again, rum. The "stuff" had been landed on the Sussex coast, and a coffin was found to be a handy thing in which to send it to market.

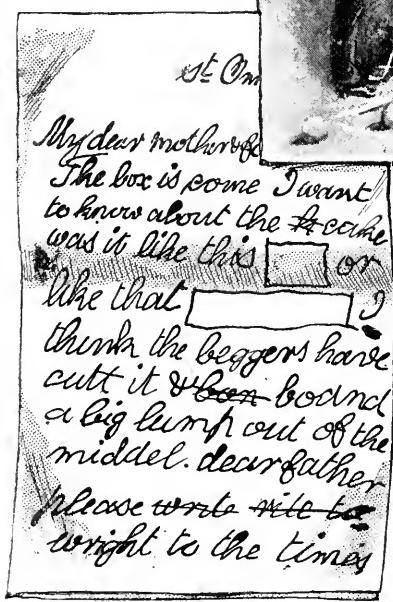
Attempts are, of course, still sometimes made to smuggle on a large scale, and perhaps a case, ostensibly of cottons or other Manchester goods, will be found to contain something dutiable. The biggest attempt of recent times, and an attempt that had no doubt been many times successful before its final detection, came to light a few years ago. An immense boiler was sent over from the Continent, and travelled to and fro more than once—for repairs. Somebody who had some special information about this boiler imparted it to a cus-

and found to be packed full from end to end with tobacco. This was an immense haul, and no doubt marked the stoppage of a leak in the customs defences which had existed for some time. Those who may feel at any time disposed to assist other persons in matters of smuggling, may be interested to learn that the whole turn-out—lorry, horses, harness, and all—was confiscated, as the law provides, although the carman knew nothing of the hidden tobacco.

A very simple smuggling device, and a well-known one, is to pack whatever articles it is desired to conceal in tin cases and sink them in the water, with small cork or wood floats to denote their whereabouts, till the ship has been searched. Life-buoys and belts, too, are not always made of cork. Tobacco has been found good for the purpose, and, before the duty was abolished, silk. There is an ingenious gentleman in Jersey who has a powerful little hydraulic press with which it is possible to compress a pound or so of tobacco to the size of a couple

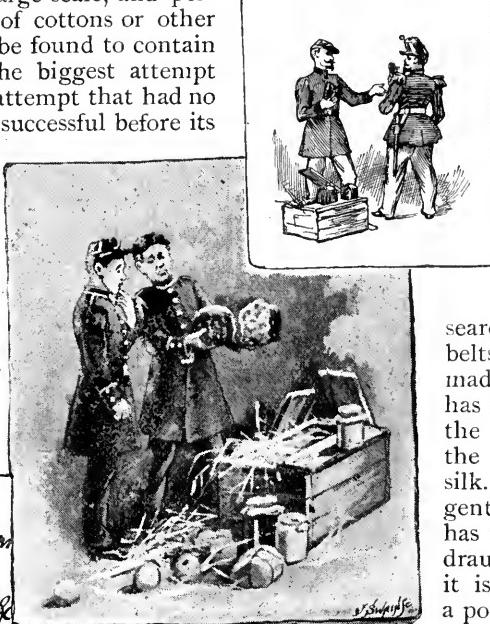
of ounces. Now the Customs people are not vexatiously strict, and will not stop a man for carrying a few cigars or a little tobacco for his personal use, although they would be quite within their rights in doing so. So when the passenger from Jersey freely shows an ordinary two-ounce packet it is allowed to pass, although the actual quantity may be something above a pound. Let the customs men, therefore, judge weight by the hand and not by the eye.

As long as human nature is what it is, and as long as customs duties exist, smuggling of some small sort will go on. The abolition of a duty of course stops smuggling altogether, and its reduction to low figures renders the smuggling petty and insignificant. Double-lined clothes to carry tea and lace are now useless, but for bringing in tobacco, spirits, and perfumery there still exist the devices we have described, and possibly others.



"THE ENGLISH BOY AT A FRENCH SCHOOL."

toms man. Consequently, as that immense boiler was slowly proceeding along an East-end street on a lorry drawn by half a dozen horses, it was stopped,





A STORY FOR CHILDREN : FROM THE RUSSIAN.

HERE was once a King named Kojata. Married for three years to a Queen whom he greatly loved and by whom he was beloved, he was yet childless. This was a subject of much distress to him. In the hope of diverting his mind from the contemplation of this source of regret, he set off on a visit to the divers provinces of his kingdom. After travelling for several months, he turned towards his capital.

One day, fatigued by the heat, he had his tent set up in the open country, intending to await there the coolness of the coming evening. He was thirsty, and not finding any water near him, he mounted his horse to go in search of it. At a short distance from his encampment he discovered a limpid spring, on the surface of which a gold cup was floating.

He hurried towards the attractive water and tried to seize the cup, but it escaped his grasp. He made new attempts, now with the right hand, now with the left ; the cup, however, defeated all his efforts to grasp it.

"Wait a bit," he said ; "I shall be able to get hold of it presently."

And, seeing the water calm, and the cup floating motionless upon its surface, he stretched forth both hands to seize it ; whereupon the cup vanished from his sight.

"The plaguey thing !" exclaimed Kojata ; "I'll give it up, and do without it."

Saying this, he knelt upon the ground and began to drink by dipping his lips in the water. But when his thirst was assuaged, and he tried to rise, he felt himself held by the chin, and vainly endeavoured to release himself.

"Who is it ? who is holding me in this way ?" he cried.

Nobody answered ; but before him, in the crystal of the spring, he beheld a frightful face, two great eyes as green as emeralds, a large mouth grinning in a strange fashion, and two claws clutching his chin like a pair of iron pincers, from the grip of which he found it impossible to free himself. At length, from the depths of this enchanted spring, an invisible being cried to him :

"All your efforts are useless ; you can only recover your liberty on one condition : it is that you will give me the thing about which you know nothing, and which you will find on arriving at your house."

"With pleasure," replied Kojata, think-

ing that he knew quite well all that his house contained.

"Remember your promise," said the voice of the invisible being, "or you will repent of it."

At these words the claws relaxed their hold. The King remounted his horse, and continued his journey. When he arrived near to his capital, all the people hurried forward to meet him, and made the air ring with their shouts and cries of delight. On the threshold of the palace was the Queen, and near her was a Minister holding in his arms a cradle in which there was a baby, a rosy and superb boy.

The King gave a start on seeing it.

"That," he said, "is the thing about which I knew nothing, and with which I must part!"

And great tears ran down his cheeks. Without revealing to anyone the cause of his cruel emotion, he carried the child to his chamber. Afterwards he tried to continue his customary mode of life, and the pleasant and peaceful course of his reign: a vain endeavour—ceaselessly he was haunted by the memory of the fatal promise he had given. At every instant, day and night, he trembled lest someone should come and carry off from him his peerless treasure, his only and so-long-desired son.

Little by little, however, the recollection became less tormenting, his fears less acute. His son grew up, and everybody admired his grace and strength; he was loved, too, and universally called "Handsome Milan."

One day, while hunting, he allowed himself to be drawn far away from his companions, in pursuit of a wild animal, and presently found himself alone in the midst of a dense forest, where neither path nor sign of human life was visible. In a sort of clearing, surrounded by pine trees, stood a tall lime tree thickly leaved. Suddenly the foliage of this tree became agitated, and from the bole came forth a strange old man, with green eyes and a round chin. He

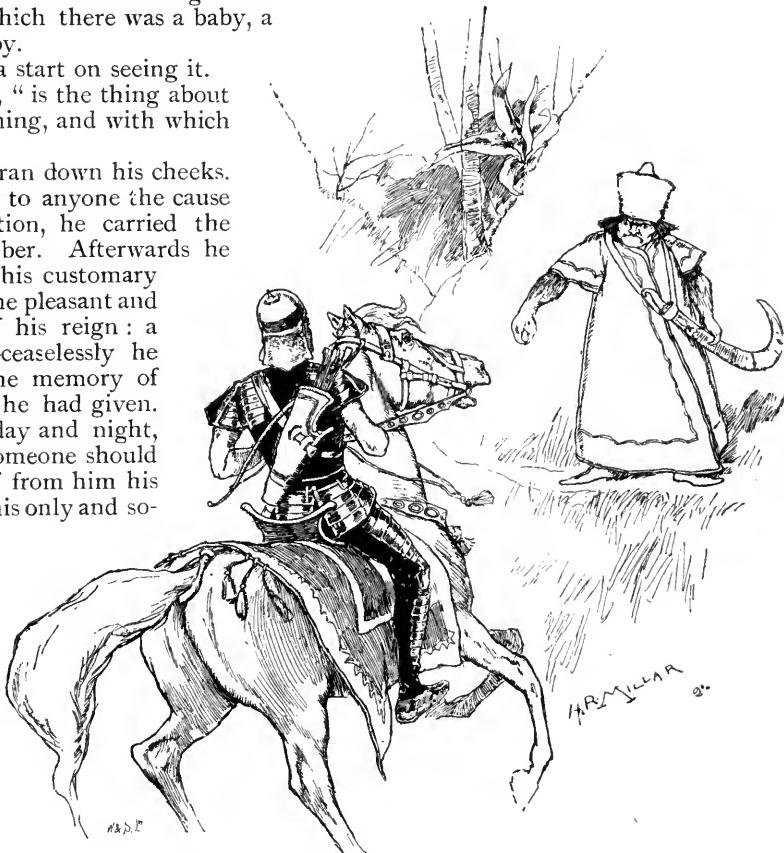
advanced towards the young huntsman, and said:

"Good-day, Prince Milan. I have for a long time been hoping to see you."

"Who are you?" asked the Prince.

"You shall know that later. For the present, go back to your father, and tell him to make haste to pay his debt. Good-bye, till we meet again."

The old man disappeared. The Prince returned to the palace, and hastened to relate his adventure to the King.



"FROM THE BOLE CAME FORTH A STRANGE OLD MAN."

"Oh!" cried the King, pale and trembling. "What a misfortune! My dear son, we must part!"

And, weeping, he told him the terrible promise he had given.

"Do not weep, good father!" replied Milan. "The evil, I am sure, is not irremediable. Have a horse got ready for me, and I will set off—to return speedily, I hope. Tell nobody our secret, least of all my mother, whom it would greatly distress.

If in the course of a year you do not see me again, it will be because I shall be dead."

Kojata, giving way to his wishes, gave him a fine horse, with golden stirrups, and a good sword. The Queen sobbingly gave him her blessing, and he rode away from the palace.

For three days he rode forward without knowing whither he was going. On the evening of the fourth day he stopped at the foot of a mountain on a silent and desert plain, in the midst of which, shining in the light of the setting sun, a mirror-like lake lay spread.

He approached this mysterious basin, and beheld thirty beautiful ducks bathing and disporting themselves in its liquid waves, and thirty white robes lying upon the shore. The Prince dismounted, and slipped into the midst of a cluster of reeds, taking with him one of the snowy garments spread upon the ground.

A few minutes later, the ducks, having sufficiently enjoyed their bath, returned to the shore to retake possession of their clothes, and immediately transformed themselves. In place of twenty-nine web-footed ducklings appeared nine-and-twenty beautiful young girls, who rapidly dressed themselves and hurried away. The thirtieth, unable to find her white robe, remained in the water, turning from one side to the other, scared, bewildered, weeping and sobbing.

The Prince took pity on her. He put aside the reeds and rose. The poor terrified duck saw him and cried to him :

"Prince Milan, give me my robe. For that good act you shall be rewarded."

The Prince obeyed. He put down the fairy linen on the shore of the lake and then discreetly retired from the spot.

In a moment the metamorphosis was completed ; he saw before him, dressed in a white robe, a young girl of matchless beauty. She held her hand out to him, and, lowering her eyes and blushing, said to him, in a gentle tone of voice :

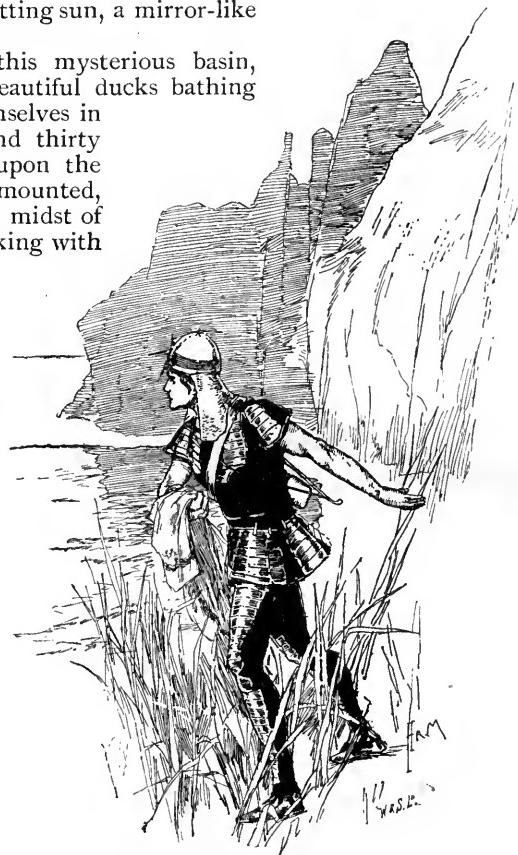
"I thank you for having done what I asked of you. You could not have done anything better for yourself, and I hope that you will be content with me. My name is Wellena. The young girls you

saw bathing with me are my sisters. Our father is the enchanter Czernuch, who governs the subterranean world. He is possessed of rich treasures and a large number of castles. For a long while he has been waiting for you and is very angry at not seeing you arrive ; but have no fear, and follow my advice punctually. When you come in face of this powerful sovereign, cast yourself upon the ground and approach him crawling on your hands and knees. If he stamps his foot with rage, if he threatens you, go still nearer to him. I do not know what he will order you to do, but whatever it may be, I shall be near to assist you. Now let us part."

Giving the ground a tap with

her little foot, the earth opened, and the beautiful Wellena and the Prince descended into the subterranean region and entered the palace of Czernuch, a palace constructed entirely of carbuncles, and shining like the sun. Czernuch was seated on his throne. His eyes were as green as the leaves on the trees, and his hands were claws.

Following the instructions of his protectress, Prince Milan threw himself down with his face towards the ground. The



"THE PRINCE SLIPPED INTO THE MIDST OF A CLUSTER OF REEDS."

terrible magician was in a state of rage. His eyes darted flames, and he gave utterance to such horrible cries that the roof of his palace trembled as if it were going to collapse. The Prince crawled humbly towards him. At length Czernuch burst into a fit of laughter, and cried :

"Tis well ; I shall not be your enemy. But, nevertheless, you must be punished for not having come sooner. To-morrow you shall know my will."

Two servants politely conducted the Prince to the chamber which had been reserved for him ; and, being fatigued, he immediately went to sleep.

Next day the enchanter sent for him, and said :

"I want to ascertain what you can do. This evening you must set to work, and during the night you must build me a palace, the roof and walls of marble, and the windows of crystal. Around this palace there must be a large garden, waterfall, and a lake with fish in it. If this work is well executed, I shall be good-natured towards you ; if not, you will have your head chopped off."

"Accursed magician!" the Prince said to himself, on returning to his chamber ; "he condemns me to death, and laughs at me while doing it."

He sat with his head between his hands all day, absorbed in the thought of his cruel destiny.

At last evening came, and with its coming a little bee tapped at his window, and said to him :

"Let me in."

He opened the window. The bee transformed itself : Wellena stood before him.

"Good evening," she said ; "why are you so downcast ?"

"Do you not know that your father has condemned me to death ?"

"And what are you going to do ?"

"Submit to my fate."

"What an idea ! Don't let yourself be so easily conquered. Go to bed, and sleep in peace. To-morrow morning rise early ; your palace shall be built ; go round it, a hammer in your hand, as if you had just finished constructing it."

The next morning, on rising, Prince Milan beheld the palace completely built. Czernuch examined it minutely, and was astonished by it.

"Ah," he said to the young Prince, "you are a skilful artist. I must now try the penetration of your mind. I have thirty

daughters. To-morrow they shall be drawn up before you ; you shall look at them once, twice, and, the third time, you shall tell me which is the youngest, or you shall have your head chopped off."

"Very good," said the Prince to himself ; "that's an agreeable task. Why, at the first glance, I shall recognise Wellena ! Nothing could be easier to do."

"It's not so easy as you think," said the little bee. "My sisters and I are so much alike, that my father himself can hardly tell which of us is the oldest and which the youngest. But, so that you may not make any mistake, I will, on your third examination, wear a patch on my right cheek."

The next day the magician's thirty daughters were ranged in a single line. The Prince looked at them attentively, and could not distinguish which of them he loved. He examined them again, without lessening his embarrassment. Finally, at the third trial, he perceived on a white cheek a tiny rose-coloured patch, and turned towards Czernuch :

"This," he said, "is the youngest of your daughters, the Princess Wellena."

"He's protected by Satan himself !" muttered the magician, grinding his teeth in fury at the defeat he had sustained. "I admit your ability," he said, to Prince Milan ; "but I must try you once more, and in a different fashion. Come back to me at the end of three hours. I will then set fire to a match, and, before it is burnt out, you must make me a pair of boots reaching to my knees. Go and get ready for this new piece of work, and return to me at the time I have named."

The Prince retired dispirited. The little bee flew to him.

"How melancholy you appear !" she said.

"Alas ! I shall never be able to do what your father demands, and shall have to die."

"No. I love you ; I am your affianced bride ; we must live or die together. And, now, we must fly."

Saying these words she licked the window, the moisture instantly congealing there. Then she took her lover by the hand and led him to the spot where they had descended together into the subterranean region, thence to the margin of the lake where she had first met him. There the Prince found his horse awaiting him. The animal neighed with delight on recognising his master. The two fugitives seated them-

selves on his back, and the gallant steed galloped away with the speed of an arrow.

At the hour appointed the enchanter waited for Prince Milan, and, not seeing him arrive, sent a footman in search of him. The door of his chamber was locked, and Wellena had thrown away the key. The servant knocked and delivered the message he was sent to give ; the moisture on the window replied, in the tones of Prince Milan's voice : "I'm coming presently." Three times, at intervals of several minutes, the footman repeated the summons, and always received the same answer : "I'm coming presently." At last Czernuch cried furiously :

the first church which stands beside his road ; he cannot pass that barrier."

A moment later, Czernuch, perceiving a hermit, said to him :

"Reverend father, have you seen a man and a woman go by on horseback ?"

"Yes, Prince Milan and the Princess Wellena. They have dismounted to pray in this church."

"Oh ! why cannot I wring their necks ?" cried the magician, furiously.

He went back to his subterranean kingdom growling, and, to satisfy his anger, had his servants flogged all round.

The two lovers continued their way peaceably, and came to a beautiful city. Prince Milan wished to enter it.



"The wretch is making game of me ! Let his door be burst open, and let him be seized, gagged, and brought here to me !"

The door of the Prince's chamber was burst open : nobody was in the room.

"Ah, the scoundrel !" cried the magician, foaming with rage. "He has taken flight. *I'll* go and arrest the deserters."

A moment afterwards, the Princess said : "I hear the beat of a horse's hoofs."

"We are pursued, and someone is quite near to us," said Prince Milan.

"Woe to us !" exclaimed the young girl, "it is my father. But his power expires at

CZERNUCH AND THE HERMIT.

"I beg of you not to stop there," said the young girl. "I have a fatal presentiment as to that city."

"I only want to see it, and then we will continue our journey," replied the Prince.

"Alas ! it is easy to enter, but difficult to leave it. But go, since it is your wish.

I will wait for you here, changed into a white stone by the wayside. Pray be prudent. The King of this city and the Queen will come forth to meet you—and with them a charming girl. Take care! if you kiss her, you will immediately forget all that has passed between us; and then I shall die of grief. Go; I will wait for you here three days. If, at the end of those three days, you do not return—But go, since it is your wish."

Transformed into a stone she waited as she had said, one day, two days, three days, but Prince Milan did not return.

The fatal prediction had been realised. On entering the city he saw the King, the Queen, and a beautiful young girl ad-

paused to look at the flower, on which a tear glistened like a dew-drop. The flower pleased him. He carefully detached it from the ground, and planted it in a pot, and took delight in tending it, without in the least suspecting the return it would make him. From the day it entered his rustic dwelling-place everything in it was each morning punctually set in order. At meal-times, by an invisible hand, his table was spread with a spotless white cloth, and the nicest food was set before him. He enjoyed all these marvels; but he wished to know to whom he owed them, and how they were brought about. He therefore sought an old sorcerer, who said to him:

"Be awake tomorrow before cock-crow, before the break of day. Look carefully around you, and, wherever you see an object moving, throw a handkerchief over it quickly."

Next morning, on the first ray of sun appearing, the

little blue flower quitted her pot and flitted from one side of the room to the other, dusting the room and lighting the fire. The old man rose and threw over her a handkerchief which had been given him by the sorcerer, and in place of the little flower, a beautiful young girl appeared before him.

"Why have you recalled me to life?" she cried. "Prince Milan was to have been my husband, and he has completely forgotten me."

"Prince Milan," replied the old man, "is on the eve of being married; from all parts people are flocking to assist at his wedding."

The faithful Wellena wept bitterly, then, with sudden resolution, dried her eyes, and, in the dress of a peasant girl, went to the city. Entering the palace kitchen and modestly accosting one of the head cooks, she said to him in a gentle tone:



"HE KISSED HER."

vance to meet him. Dazzled by the look, by the smile, by the perfect beauty of this young girl, he kissed her on the cheek; and the memory of his dear Wellena instantly fled from his mind.

"Alas!" cried the poor girl, "he has deserted me. I have nothing more to hope for in the world, and have but to die. I will change myself into a little field-flower; I will stay by the wayside, and some passer-by will crush me under his foot."

In a moment the transformation was accomplished.

Along the road plodded an old man who

"Will you allow me to make a wedding-cake for Prince Milan?"

The proud and self-sufficient cook was not in the least disposed to accept such a proposal; but when he saw how pretty and graceful this young peasant girl was, he replied to her politely:

"Yes, my pretty one, you wish it; make a wedding-cake. I'll present it myself to the Prince."

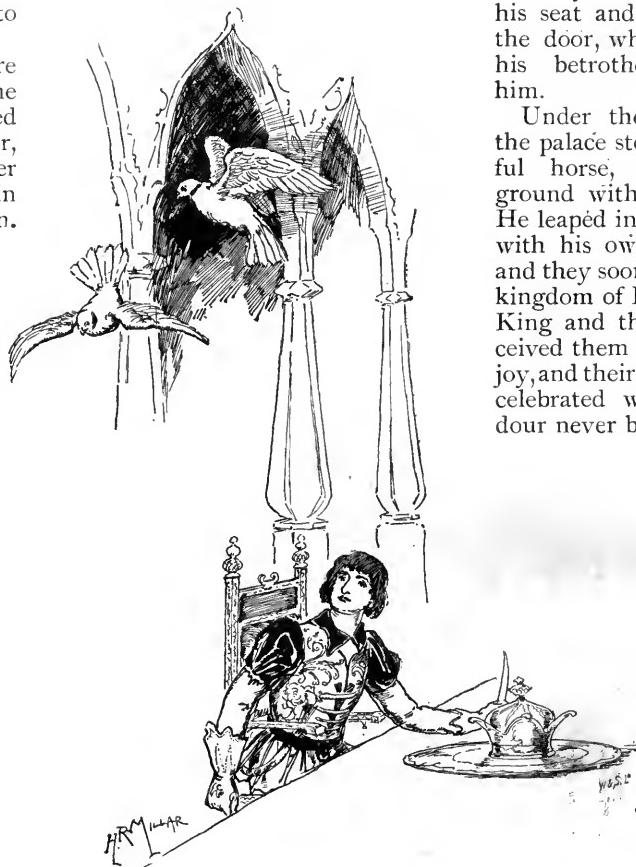
All the guests were seated at table. The head cook advanced with a solemn air, bearing upon a silver dish a cake made in the form of a crown. Everybody admired this piece of pastry, its elegant form, and its golden crust. The Prince, before whom the cook had placed

it, cut off a piece, and, from the opening, flew out a pair of turtle-doves, which wheeled in flight about the table, the female dove crying to her companion:

"Don't leave me! don't leave me! or you will forget me, as Prince Milan has forgotten his Wellena!"

At those words the Prince recovered his memory. He rose from his seat and hastened to the door, where he found his betrothed awaiting him.

Under the balcony of the palace stood his faithful horse, pawing the ground with impatience. He leaped into the saddle with his own true bride, and they soon reached the kingdom of Kojata. The King and the Queen received them with tears of joy, and their marriage was celebrated with a splendour never before seen.



The Queer Side of Things.



BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

IWAS, on a certain Morning lately, filled with most pleasing Reflexions, seeing that I was to pass away a Day or two on a Visit to a most worthy Friend of mine, Sir Ogre de Covetous, that had a fine Estate upon the River Thames. This gave me the more Satisfaction because my Friend, besides being a Man of no small Parts in the Preservation of his Rights, had made himself of no inconsiderable Repute among the surrounding humbler Inhabitants of the Locality, and even among such of the Public as chanced to pass by his Estates upon the River.

I came upon my old Friend, as genial as ever, he having been engaged in a rough Discourse with a Cottager that lived hard by his Estates, and scowling hugely.

"You are to know," said the good old Man, turning to me, "that yonder is a most ill-grained and complaining Fellow, for the only Road to his Cottage is one that passes between some Fields of mine; and he has the Effrontery not only to beg that I shall permit his Supply of Coals to pass that Way (which, indeed, would cause me no Inconvenience whatever), but is positively

so perverse as to be put out at my refusing, vowing that he must needs quit his Cottage, being unable to live without Firing! As if this were any Concern of mine!" And at this the good old Man fell to fuming and to stamping his Foot; and, perceiving that such Subjects gave him no small Disquietude, I encouraged him to speak upon them at more Length; and with so great Success that he presently addressed to me the following Discourse:—

"The People about here," said he, "are, I warrant you, of a very ill Grain, and very hardly to be brought to Reason, being most mightily discontented with all I do; and you must learn that the Public are no better, being not polite enough to understand how a wise Providence has only created the Poor and the Public that they may minister to the Pleasures of Men of an Estate, particularly of an Estate upon the River; a rightful Understanding of which Fact, Sir, would surely induce a more pleasing Intercourse between myself and those around me. I myself am a Man of a most worthy Disposition, and devote my whole Thoughts to the safeguarding and furtherance of my own Interests.

"For one Instance, Sir, we now stand upon

the Tow-path, which the Thames Conservancy pay me a yearly Hire for the Use of, 'for the purpose of towing Boats'; and I am of so amiable a Temperament that, I would have you know, I stand constantly at one of my Windows with a Telescope to spy if any should walk along this Path without towing a Boat, in which Case I presently send a Man to warn them off; and this, Sir, is one of my chiefest Occupations and Delights."



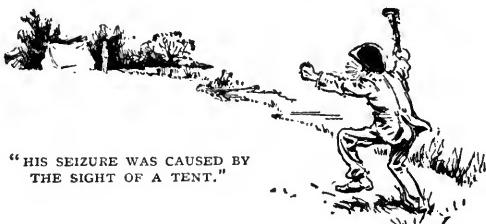
"I SEND A MAN TO WARN THEM OFF."

And here I could not but observe how a certain Fellow that passed us in a Boat scowled most lustily (yet not without a certain fear) at my good friend the Riverside Proprietor; and I was about speculating upon this Occurrence, when the good old Man continued:—

"There goes, Sir, a Villain of a most froward Temper; for he is by Trade a Waterman; and although I have forbidden him to ferry anybody over to my side of the River, or to fix his Punt in the Stream (for the Bed of the River is my property), and

have, indeed, done all in my Power to prevent his gaining a Subsistence; yet I can in no way please him, but he regards me with a most huge disfavour! and, Sir, 'tis the same with the rest of the Watermen here."

It was with difficulty, at this part of the Discourse, that I could refrain from a Tear upon reflecting how so good a Proprietor should be thus maltreated by all around him; and indeed I could well have cried out upon them all for monstrous, ungrateful Varlets. And observing at this time that my good old Friend was taken with a Fit of the Jumps, so that he called out most vociferously, stamping his Foot the while, I then perceived that his Seizure was occasioned by the Sight of a Tent, which some impertinent Fellow had set up upon his Bank of the Flood; and I learned that such a sight would always bring about in him such a Taking on.



"HIS SEIZURE WAS CAUSED BY THE SIGHT OF A TENT."

And now my Attention was diverted to a great Number of Notice Boards that were fixed here and there in the River; and on one would be painted "Water and Fishing Private," and on another "DANGEROUS," and on still others "THAT WAY TO THE LOCK," and "Beware of the Weir," and many others; and I perceived that these Notices moved my Friend to a vast and most consuming Enjoyment of himself, in such wise that he fell to chuckling, until I feared he might be in Danger of another Seizure, but, perceiving my Alarm, he whispered me



"THERE GOES, SIR, A VILLAIN."

being, as one might say, like to a Slave-owner. And here I could not but observe, with a pleasurable Emotion, how, as the Children ran from him with Affright, so like-



"DANGEROUS."

in the Ear : " 'Tis I that have set up these Notices, and you are to know that this Pièce of Water in which they are placed is by no means mine, for the which Reason seeing I may hardly venture to set down the Words 'Private Water,' lest some busy Fellow would be challenging the Claim ; yet when I say 'Water and Fishing Private,' I do but state the Fact that it *is* Water, and the Fishing is private, for I have hired it (for no consideration) of the Public, who rightfully own the Water but are too besotted to enforce their Claim. Next Year," continued the worthy old Gentleman, "I propose to stretch a Wire across this Water, and thereafter a stout Chain ; so in the Course of Years the Water shall become of right my private Property. In like wise the Words 'Dangerous,' and 'That Way to the Lock,' and 'Beware of the Weir,' are cunningly designed to hinder the vulgar from entering upon that Piece of Water ; for you should know that, as there is no Danger, nor any Weir, so, also, either Way conducts to the Lock."

Delighting me with such pleasing Converse, as to which I was at a Loss, whether the more to admire the ingenious Wisdom, or the Christianlike Kindliness of so worthy a Man, the Proprietor led the Way to the Village of which he appeared to be the Owner—or, I would be saying, rather the Owner of the Villagers ;

wise the Dogs snarled at his Approach and hid themselves within Doors.



"THE CHILDREN RAN FROM HIM WITH AFFRIGHT."

The good old Man made diligent Inquiries touching a Rumouring that had come to his Ear, how a certain Widow, being poor, had let her Room to a Visitor from London who was for spending a Holiday in the Place : and, finding this Rumouring to be true, presently notified her that she should quit her Cottage on the following Week ; and also roundly rated a Grocer that would be supplying Provisions to the Intruder, and warned the other Villagers against trafficking with that Grocer on Penalty of great Disfavour.

"For," said the good Man, "I am most keenly set against any Man coming to take Pleasure upon my Scenery, or upon the River by it ; insomuch so that I will none of him ;" and with that my Friend fell to kicking certain Children that



"THE ROUNDLY RATED A GROCER."

he suspected would be grimacing upon him.

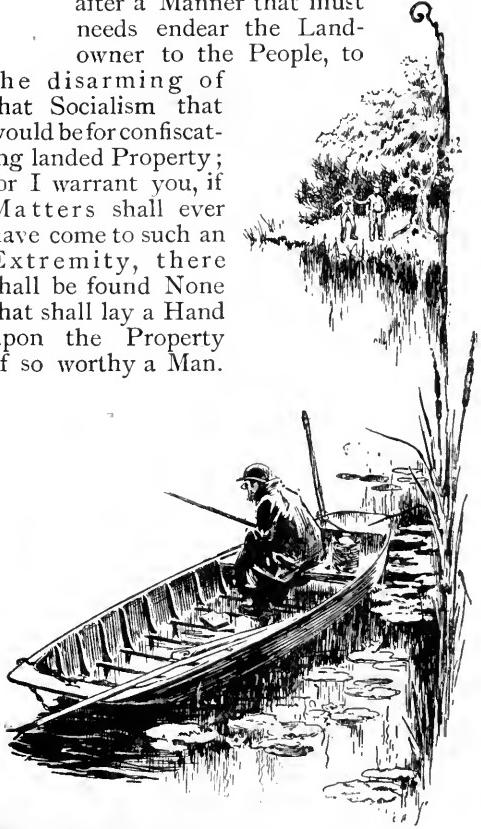
Seeing my Friend salute with more than his usual Cordiality a Farmer that came by in a Gig, I was interested to hear that this Man was the only being in that Part after the Proprietor's own Heart; and this for the Reason that he would ever be putting some Despite upon his Neighbours (and that particularly such of them as were unable to retort upon him), and had lately invented a very quaint Conceit of driving quickly here and there in the midst of any Neighbour's fowls that he might come upon in his rough Meadows, and this for pure good Humour.

"And in short," said the Riverside Proprietor, "I do in this Thing greatly value myself, that (although this Part is among the most beautiful on the Thames), there come but few hither to take their Pleasure of the Scenery, nor to fish, nor camp, for Fear of me; for, being of more Substance than them that would be for doing so, I will always be frightening them from any maintaining of their Right by threatening to put upon them the Costs of a Suit at Law, which they can ill afford." And with this Sir Ogre made off at great Speed to point out to his Man how a certain Stranger lay a-fishing in a Punt over his River Bed.

No sooner had I taken leave of my good Friend than I fell into profound Speculation on the Blessing that our River enjoys in the having upon its Banks such a gentle Soul; and after so wonderful a Manner is the River dotted with Notice-boards, that I am come to an Opinion that there must be many Landowners almost as worthy as he; though, indeed, they do speak of a certain Landowner, not far from my Friend, that has devoted an Island for the Enjoyment of such as pass by, providing not only a Summer-house, and Tables, and a Landing Platform, but also a Hammock and, for that matter, great rustic Vases, which he causes his Gardener to tend, for the Good of others; which Thing must be a Cause of huge Diversion and Pleasantry to my Friend. I cannot conclude this Speculation without giving great Praise to the Wisdom of my old Friend in bearing himself after a Manner that must needs endear the Landowner to the People, to

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the disarming of that Socialism that would be for confiscating landed Property; for I warrant you, if Matters shall ever have come to such an Extremity, there shall be found None that shall lay a Hand upon the Property of so worthy a Man.



"A STRANGER LAY A-FISHING IN A PUNT."



PORTRAIT-SIGNATURES.



VARIETIES OF ALPINE-CLIMBING.

(1) TO THE ECHOES—"THIS WAY." (2) SOME LUGGAGE. (3) "CARRY UP MILADY? CERTAINLY! BUT WHERE SHALL I BEGIN?" (4) A LIGHT JOB. (5) VERY WARM WORK.



VARIETIES OF ALPINE-CLIMBING.

(1) A GOOD VIEW. (2) A HOIST UP. (3) TAKING UP A LADY—THE START. (4) A LITTLE TIRED—CHANGING POSITION. (5) VERY TIRED—ANOTHER CHANGE. (6) A LAST RESOURCE. (7) WELL-EARNED REFRESHMENT. (8) A SUNDAY RIDER. (9) AN OBSTINATE COUPLE.



A PATHETIC SCENE.

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMAN IN PIT (TO LADY IN DRESS CIRCLE): "MADAME, I RESPECT YOUR EMOTION, BUT YOU ARE WEEPING ON MY HEAD."



AN EXPLANATION.

STRANGER (TO SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL): "IS THIS A FUNERAL?"
SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL: "NO, IT'S A WEDDING."
STRANGER: "OH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MOURNER."
SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL: "NO, I AM THE SON-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE'S MOTHER."



WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

CLOPA: "I AM GOING TO SEE BELLA SIMPSON. SHALL I TAKE ANY MESSAGE?"
DORA: "WHAT, THAT HORRID GIRL! GIVE HER MY LOVE."



1ST TRAVELLER (ENTERING): "THAT'S MY CORNER."
2ND DITTO: "THERE WAS NOTHING HERE TO KEEP THE SEAT."
1ST DITTO: "THAT'S MY HAT-BOX UP THERE."
2ND DITTO: "THEN SIT UP THERE ON YOUR HAT-BOX."